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LITTLE WHITE LIES

Truth & Movies

*the
an education issue*

**THE AN EDUCATION
ISSUE: IN WHICH WE CELEBRATE
A NEW GENERATION OF YOUNG
BRITISH ACTORS. 024 CAREY
MULLIGAN. 032 AARON JOHNSON.
036 KATIE JARVIS. 040 HARRY
TREADAWAY. 044 RIZ AHMED. 048
ANDREA RISEBOROUGH. 052 ED
HOGG. 056 RACHEL HURD-WOOD.
**120 PAGES: HONEST,
PASSIONATE, UNMERCIFUL.****



THE HAGGARD LADY
PHOTOGRAPH BY TONY SALAZAR



"IF WE
NEVER DID
ANYTHING, WE
WOULDN'T BE
ANYONE."

CHAPTER ONE
in which we
DISCUSS:
"AN EDUCATION"



CAREY MULLEIGAN'S
STAR-MAKING
PERFORMANCE
LIGHTS UP A TALE
OF INNOCENCE LOST

Here's the thing about *An Education*: it's a good film, even a very good film – one that deftly reclaims the idea of the 1960s and reshapes it into something fresh and unexpected. But that's not why you should see it. You should see it because this is the film that introduces the world to Carey Mulligan.

Back in January, Mulligan's star power against the blandness of *Trishna*, making her the new hot ticket of indie cinema. The 24-year-old British actress paid her dues during costume dramas (*Blitz*, *House, Pride & Prejudice* and *Sweeney* right from *Quo Vadis*), but here she makes the move from small screen to large with effortless grace. There's one small step for her, one giant leap for a new generation of young British actors.

She plays 16-year-old Jenny, a youthful incarnation of Observer journalist Lynn Barber whose autobiographical memoir has been re-enacted by director Lone Scherfig and writer Nick Hornby. That memoir was a stark self-appraisal of innocence lost that begins in the modest surroundings of abortion clinic Cheltenham in 1961.

To England, post-war but pre-liberation, before the '60s started to swing. This is a decade stripped of pretensions by a Danish character with an outsize a-eye. Here, on the sun-bleached fields of a fallen empire, everything is stuck in the mud – from a license bell clanged through swollen prairies to the hopes and dreams of a generation trapped somewhere between the old and the new.

"CAREY MULLIGAN MAKES THE MOVE FROM SMALL SCREEN TO LARGE WITH EFFORTLESS GRACE. THAT'S ONE SMALL STEP FOR HER, ONE GIANT LEAP FOR A NEW GENERATION OF YOUNG BRITISH ACTORS."





But Jenny has the sort of impish confidence that will come to define the decade. She soon says on *John B* in her pony-girl school uniform, I'm on a roll on the merits of Capital. Writing, she continues, 'is fun'. But now, like any girl, given a hold pregnancy will redefine the world and the real importance of old currency of youth will begin to show. Jenny's first adult job is...

...she's in *Rockabye*... — *David* (John Cusack) is an adult man who's still a virgin and he's 35. To a girl who's probably excited about the prospect of sex, he's a bit of a let-down. But he's a good guy, and he's a good dad to his two sons, who he's been trying to raise on his own since his wife died. Jenny's first job is to help him out, which means getting him to stop being a virgin and having sex with his wife's best friend, *Jenny* (Demi Moore). *Cooper* (John Cusack) is a bit of a drifter and he's a good dad to his son, too.

It's not just Jenny who is involved. Before the new life of discos and an exclusive weekend in Oxford, a trip to Paris — a Jenny's home life, brilliantly ennobled by Alissa Meleise in her virgin role. Here, DP John de Bont uses diffused light, softening the film, period production design of Andrew McAlpine. David dances in these darkened spaces, splashing oil onto Jenny's wide-eyed parents, finally charming his way into the family with easy confidence and fluid sex.

Heber's sonnet is as much her present story rather than their future to see through David's eyes as a bewilder of their daughter. But the film is a more sympathetic view of the love and all-too-briefness of the middle class, swans into the life of maturing elegance. 'All my life I've lived in fear,' admits Meleise — the fear of her own limitations passed on to her children like a genetic disease. □



Their failure is a lesson that every child has to learn – that your parents are no less fallible, no less guilty than you are. But the inevitability of that lesson doesn't make it any less painful. Especially for Jenny once so secure in her own self-importance, now so ashamed of being foolish, but even more ashamed of being forgiven.

These are the scenes in which Mughan-esque, giving wonderful clarity to Jenny's inner Ms. Schrödiger has the sense and the confidence to shoot her in close-up, allowing us to absorb the nuances of the performance. Mughan's gay beauty will draw comparisons to Audrey Hepburn, and it's no exaggeration to say that she can live with them.

Poured through Jenny's delighted eyes, that familiar era comes alive, seeming new and exciting even to an audience saturated with images and memories of the decade. Mughan's command of her features is extraordinary – the slightest widening of the mouth, the natural range of an eyebrow, the tiny parting of her lips, all perfectly capturing Jenny's mixture of knowing and naivety.

In contrast, Peter Sarsgaard struggles a role for which he's ill-suited, holding both the charisma and the sexiness to convince as David. His casting is a frustrating misfire; when there's any number of English actors who would have done a better job. Not least Dominic Cooper, who impresses in his smaller role.

But it's the women who matter most. Jenny's relationships with the women in her life define her every bit as much as her doomed romance with David. As her mother Marjorie, Cara Seymour's quiet performance swings between pride and pain – the hopes and fears of a woman desperately trying to understand her young daughter but really lacking the flexibility to do so.

Keira Knightley is superb as the headstrong young Jenny, the consciousness of her newfound self-loathing seeping. But her air of authority

is finally undermined by her failure to answer Jenny's duplicitous question, faced with a choice between family and boredom: why should she give up so much for so little? Then we, Thompson gets the film's signature line, replying to Jenny's concern that she must consider her a ruined woman: "Oh no," she says. "I don't think you're a woman at all."

But Jenny's conflict is most keenly felt through the twin influences of her teacher, Miss Stubbs (Olivia Williams), and David's friend Helen (Mia Farrow), with her sloped back hair and thick black glasses, her poised lips and her Cambridge education, represents everything that Jenny used to want and has come to despise. Helen, by contrast, is a beautiful, vivacious soul. But both in their way will confound Jenny's pugnacious. It is Helen who ultimately shatters Jenny's intellectual pretensions and teaches her paradoxically, to be herself. Miss Stubbs, similarly, will show Jenny that looks can be deceiving.

If all ends a bit too neatly (with a bizarrely timed marriage brought out of the Richard Curtis playbook), Barker's own story really did end on an uplifting note. What began as a tale of innocence lost ends with a sense of exciting discovery. Because the lesson to take away from *An Education* is that a new star has been found. **Mari Bochenek**

Anticipate All the talk from Sundance 2008 was of the discovery of a major talent in the shape of Emily Blunt. **❶**

Appreciate In fact she's right, although for herself a lighter film expected. **❷**

Retract *An Education* will be remembered as the launch pad of a new career, and the memory of the film itself faded. **❸**

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IF AN EDUCATION HAS INSPIRED YOU TO SWOT UP ON CINEMA, START SCHOOLING YOURSELF WITH THESE ALTERNATIVE COMING-OF-AGE CLASSICS.



THE 400 BLOWS (1959)

DIR: JEAN-LUC GODARD

Four years after publishing a derivative work on the French film industry in *Contempt*, Alain Delon, just 21, would after being banished from Cannes, the 21-year-old Jean-Luc Godard would debut with *The 400 Blows*, and establish himself as one of the most influential filmmakers in the world. The film's influence, ranging from New Wave and its progeny, to art-house Masterpieces, is impossible to measure, so much so that it's very overlooking to consider an auteurist study of Truffaut's offbeat upbringing – a brief and timely education for a schoolboy in love with amorous sex and adventure.

IF... (1968)

DIR: RICHARD BURTON

It's unlikely that *If...* (1968) was a picture of revolution, but 1968 was the year that the pro-psychedelic *Up*, and no other film defined the atmosphere of anomie like Stanley Kubrick's *Barry Lyndon* (1975). *Up*, featuring an offbeat Miles Malleson (Godard), the film documents an uprising by a group of students at an English public school. Miles' (Malleson) music for peace, which finds the right kind of resonance of one girl's music found with the last and last of a number of students' academic assignments with a obscenity book. *If...* became the soundtrack for a new youth movement.

AU REVIRV LES ENFANTS (1987)

DIR: RICHARD ATTENBOROUGH

In *Up*, the social revolution and more intriguing interests overtake a schoolboy's desire to explore his feelings in a more libidinous (and perhaps 2440 in *Adults Only*) boarding school in France, and have no place in *Up*. *Up* was the school boy's a safe haven from the corruption of adult enterprise, but in *AU REVIRV LES ENFANTS*, the film's title is the corruption of adult enterprise, but in a young boy. Atticus makes friends with one of his students, but certain outside will make all the more experience of the two to come-imbue into their lives. This is a film not of who gets what, but of who gets what, who are one of the most interesting characters in the entire history.

DAZED AND CONFUSED (1993)

DIR: RICHARD Linklater

Written from a student, *Dazed & Confused* (1993) plays like an impossibly interesting re-enactment of early '90s culture, but does well as a look at pastures. Lastman (Linklater) and Coop (Fonda), as stoners (though could look back to an alternative more innocent age). In this year 2000, '90s America, in a situation where a gaggle of unlikely teenagers (and come-of-age) systems is bedecked of creative techniques that school teach. (Everybody who sees it probably taught a room – Masters of Ceremonies, Little John, The Shining, The Reindeer – and it's because all the best ever rock bands like the circus with hot plates, the result is a deliciously inside vibe.)

ROGER DODGER (2002)

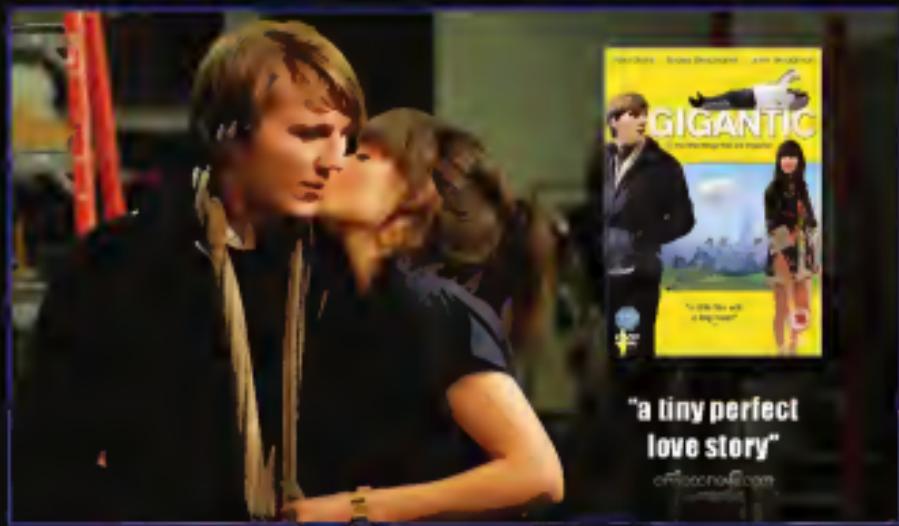
DIR: RICHARD Linklater

No man person would play Campbell Scott as Roger Dodger in *Up* or a school boy. In *Up*, the revolutionaries just reached at Dylan McDermott's circumcision of the male ego. Jesus (McDermott) has the round room for all his large performances in *Up*, the teacher who accompanies students through the various violent. McDermott's battle against going on and education during the day. Food is super only based on the set's creative, pretty cracking under the cold exterior (but it is this strong when done as his solo agent) would be more seriously problematic at the same, and older (but older) children only of instant and instant data enough in a play.

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Me donner beaucoup de

Author's Note. 2. The Princeton Review

DEHESSE:

What is it you love about movies?

Lone Scherfigs

There are words I keep returning to — trust and innocence. And then I say to myself, 'Don't be pretentious, don't be over-emotional,' but that's exactly what I'm doing. That's what you get when you've shot films for as long as I have. You return... It's not about the technical elements. Of course, it is when you shoot them, but afterwards you have to always be able to experience things with the audience's eyes, and get those qualities. You said, 'What is it you love about films?' Filmmaking is in some way an act of love. It's generosity; it's believing that the audience will laugh at what you wanted them to laugh at. That they will understand a joke even if it's undersold, and that you don't need to over-explain things — they will want to understand, and they will understand. The greatest joy of filmmaking is the joy of giving something to someone, or sharing something with someone, or presenting something to somebody.



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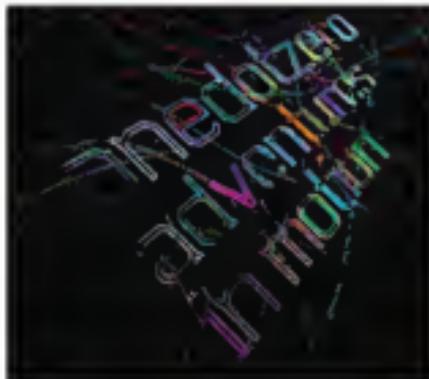
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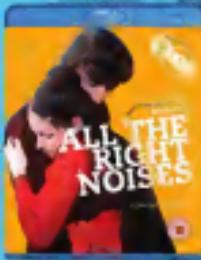
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CHAPTER 3
in which
we discuss

THEMES

of uncommon
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BY JEFFREY L. BROWN AND JEFFREY L. BROWN

Watch This Face

These are the new YBs - the Young British Actors stamping their authority over the landscape of our cinema. Tomorrow belongs to them.



Carey Mulligan

Star Sam Rockwell and Louie Schreig introduce us to Carey Mulligan - the acting sensation set to take the world by storm.

Words = Mollie Bednekoff + Photography = Kim Salmon / *opazine*







"Fuck, she's great."

Peter Bergman's initial reaction on meeting Carey Mulligan turned out to be prophetic. Because Carey Mulligan is fucking great. So fucking great that when the film premiered at an otherwise lackluster Sundance in early 2009, she instantly became the #1 face of the festival. Rocking a demon haircut (the mullet-gan) and fresh style, critics compared her gamine beauty to Audrey Hepburn. The nice was on to beat this creature down and get a camera in her face.

But we've never really lived to be part of the crowd. Rather than head into the eye of the storm, we turned to the people who were right there beside Mulligan as she started that journey (inside, guitar slinger — director Lone Scherfig, and co-star Peter Bergman) — to give the real story on just who, exactly, the girl is. But first, some context.

Paris

Carey Mulligan is 24-year-old. She lives in London. Her middle name is Hannah. She studied acting at Wellington School (thus saving Peter Postlethwaite an stage as Scornsmasch Jones). She thought she'd been watching a large cast perform this story of an ageing, obese, close-to-death, but when Postlethwaite came out alone at the end she was inspired: "That's right," she said, "I thought, I want to do this."

Back at school and now studying loads of drama, she put in a solid teacher and administrator (Juliette Binoche), which led to an appearance in a TV adaptation of *Pride & Prejudice*. Like many of the new generation of young British actors, Carey has moved to theatre and this work has been intense. Indeed, this brave new world is a treacherous one — Mulligan has already performed alongside fellow *Yi-Yi*s Andie MacDowell, in *Meet Let Me Go*, and Anna Johnson in *The Guernsey*, both of which will be seen later this year.

"I had a ridiculous enthusiasm and no cool at all," is how she's described her early days. But right from the start she knew that it was acting or bust: "I didn't really have another option," she admits, "because of heaven" (she would have ended up going to university, and that would have been a waste of time and money because these were nothing I really wanted to do apart from act." Even so, An Education has taken things to the next level — a lead role, and a first taste of the exposure, publicity and pressure that comes with it. "I'd never played one of these big parts before in anything," she admitted at Sundance, "and I'd never had an experience where I felt like if anything went wrong, it would all be my fault."

But everything went right. Carey puts in a career-making performance as Jenny, a young girl in early '60s suburbia given a crash course in the realities of adult life. So good is her performance that the film's scribe, Nick Hornby (dotted to director Lone Scherfig, "Who come check the pile of novels that I wrote? I'm going to be there, I'll be the man who wrote the fic that was Carey Mulligan's breakthrough.")

Schooled, turned describes Mulgrew as "a wonderful, wonderful actress." But more than that, her line included was that she was somebody who could carry a film. "There were obviously a lot of girls who could do the part," she says, "but she was someone that you would want to look at for a very long time, and who had the combination of beauty and strength. And she's somebody that you immediately care for when you look at her."

Peter Saenger's relationship with Carey stretches back to 1986. He'd been attached to the film as executive producer when Dennis Hopper was slated to direct, before she left to pursue *Hip Hop*. Since he'd seen Carey's initial casting sessions, and although impressed, he still had a few doubts. "My concern at the beginning was always, 'She's a woman much older than her peers,'" he admits. "And of course that's the thing that's awesome in the movie — that's what you want. You don't really want an actual 16-year-old that wouldn't understand just being 16. That wouldn't be that interesting."

Once on set, the pair clicked. Mulgrew has said of Saenger, "Working with Peter on *An Education*, I learned a lot about not caring what people think. Peter is the luckiest person in the world to understand. He has everything, and that's when an actor is great about working with him — it's the compliment. 'She's a great actress,' I ended up doing. I'm Saenger's fan; he's brilliant, so obviously I like working with her. She's a fan, too," he says. "She's great. She's not an acting snob. She's willing to explore the material. She's willing to have it go outside the box — that's not much to being Audrey Hepburn, she's willing to be more diverse than that."

Devon? That sounds interesting. "She's like that good girl who's willing to replace other things," he explains. "Vera, like, a lot of actresses are not good girls so there's no tension in them doing something that's slightly out of the norm because you think, 'Oh, that's not unusual for her — I mean, last night she did an eight ball and it was very flat with Carey, you certainly don't think that, and it makes her actions meaningful because she doesn't seem like the kinda girl who would just randomly do something."



Bakerfiel puts it slightly differently, explaining that Carey's very English demeanor allowed her to catch the other actors off guard. "Peter, Alfred Molina, Emma Thompson and Olivia Williams all reacted to Miles till the show was over because they were more inexperienced," she explains. "Then once they started performing with her they could feel that they were getting much more in return, much appreciation than her, than they had imagined. Because she's a soft, sweet girl, such a good girl, not very sassy and pretty and aggressive, she underplays her strengths and her wit and her sassiness because she wants to be professional before anything."

Bakerfiel admits that she doesn't like to get too close to her actors, and she doesn't give passion lightly — it's a professional relationship. "The film doesn't get better if you spend a weekend together or sit on the telephone crying at night long." But then, Mulgrew seems to make a uniquely strong impression on just about everybody. "I don't want to see what she's able to do," says Bakerfiel. "It's amazing to see someone who is that good a piano player now and more difficult tunes and get an even better actress for that performance. It's really exciting."

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MC: Rochelle, Little White Lies



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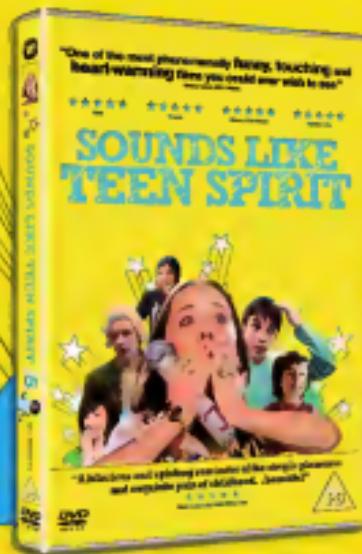
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Aaron Johnson

"I'll fight any way I can to keep doing what I want to do."

Words = Josh Winnings + Photography = Sam Christmas

He may be a young, talented, British actor, but unlike his young, talented, British peers, Aaron Johnson is categorically and absolutely not in any of the *Harry Potter* films. "Yeah, thank God!" laughs the toothie-hoaxed 19-year-old. Whereas plenty of fledgling British performers have relied on that particularly profitable franchise to establish a foothold in the biz, Johnson has got just as far flying solo. "I must've seen the first film, or the first two, and that was it. I've not seen any more. I'm not really a fan. I've never even read the books. It's not really for me."

Johnson is rushed off his feet on the first day of shooting his new thriller *Chatterbox* ("There are a lot of running shots, and lots of animals screaming"), but he's happy to discuss what's about to turn into a very interesting year. If you're a 19-year-old gal, you'll most likely recognize Johnson as the less-wasteful who loomed in a thousand crushes as *Harry*'s mateus. Always cool, Perfect Straggger, maybe, you probably won't. "I don't look like that" includes the actor. "With the straight hair, and all-clean and proper. I don't like the whole health-food thing."

You sense genuine embarrassment from the vaguely cockney sounding former child actor as he discusses his mother — particularly female — as the now that made casting directors of up and grab a phone. "It was kind of mad, because Sophie [mag and *Bliss* writer] wanted to do this sort of poster-type thing. And I was fighting against it," he continues. "I don't wanna be like Zara [from *1000*]. I mean, it's fine, and some guys are really happy about the role and they're gonna do a great job. But it's just embarrassing, really."

So if he's not from *Harry Potter* and he's not a teen heartthrob, who is this over-estimated young star? Well, he's been acting since the age of six, he's having the time of his life doing what he loves, and he's been making the papers thanks to a controversial love affair (well, it got to that level). He's also, miraculously, his own man. "I don't want to be the next anyone, just myself," he insists on a number of occasions — and, as far, Johnson's increasingly sound and intriguing career choices mark him out as a real talent. 

Roles in theatre and TV dramas, including the BBC's issued *Brother Boy*, prepared an otherwise unmarketable upbringing. "I think we never really had a pretty: the former High Wycombe inhabitant quit education at the tender age of 16 to fully pursue an acting career." But I wasn't really there much," Johnson pants out. "I was walking through school, so I'd do a shoot and then I'd come back to school. And at school they didn't really want me there anyway, so I'd get kicked out most of the time."



Smash? Rebellious? Maybe. But Johnson's anti-social, take-no-prisoners attitude stems from a passion for doing what he loves, and there is no room for doubt. "I couldn't have a back-up plan because I'd be fucked," he informs. "People always say, 'You should have a Plan B; you should've done your studies at school.' But I know what I wanted to do. If you have a back-up plan, you'll fall back on a f***t fight anyway I can to keep doing what I want to do." The gamble, though, seems to be paying off. *Angus, Thongs and Perfect Snogging* really helped push him out and through to other *Misfits*, and Johnson has two big ticks about ready to storm the film circuit.

The first is *Nowhere Boy*. Directed by vet Sam Taylor-Wood, and scripted by Coen's Matt Groening, *Nowhere Boy* finds Johnson playing a young John Lennon in a quasi-autobiography. Sponsored by his mother (Anne-Marie Duff) and Aunt Mimi (Kirsten Scott Thorne), the film charts Lennon's desperate passage into art and music, and his eventual, tortuous meeting with Paul McCartney (played by Thom Evans).
Gong.

It's Johnson's "busiest job that I've ever done," with Lennon posing to be "the most interesting character to portray." But the film has already made *Daily Mail* headlines for its behind-the-scenes scandal: Taylor-Wood drives her teenage lover home after romantic dinner date, the tabloid sensationalizes it back in May, reporting that the 42-year-old director and her young leading man had gone public at the Cannes Film Festival about a post-shoot romp. Johnson, however, is disinterested in any of the gossip that might be polluting the pages of the internet. "I used Googleing I stay away from any repeats and stuff," he says. "I'd rather not be anxious and paranoid of what people comment on and what people say. I don't follow any of that. Somebody might tell me a couple of little details, but I just turn that off."

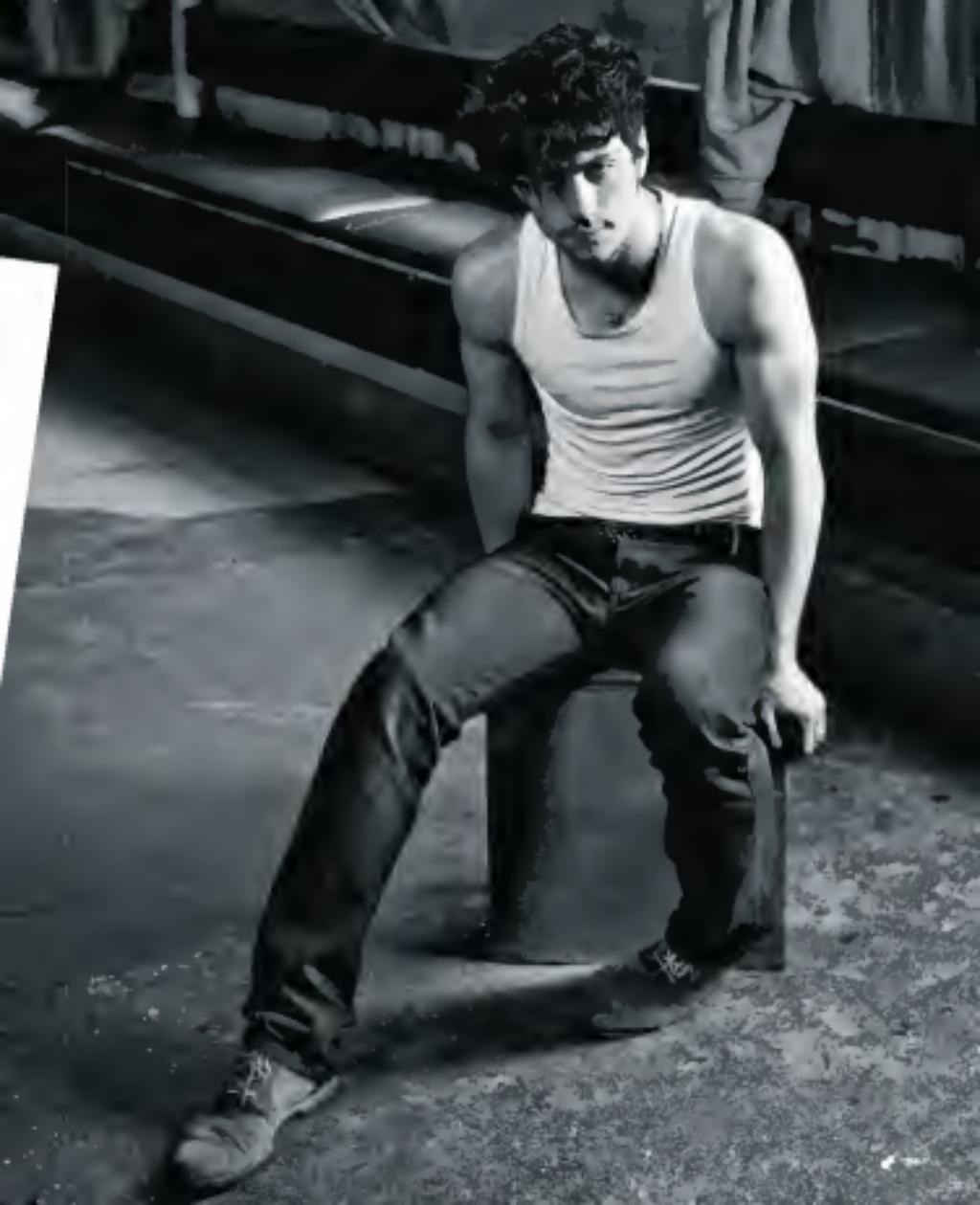
After *Nowhere Boy*, Johnson again takes the lead in the much-anticipated *Kick-Ass*. Having successfully recruited director Matthew Vaughn that he's "an American" ("I fell off my chair when I was told [he's a f***k] He American accent is pitch perfect and he's an bloody well act," effuses Vaughn), Johnson stars as a lonely high school student who decides to become a superhero — despite a lack of any distinguishing powers. Possessing plenty, gusto and all-out action, audiences were wowed by a mighty preview trailer and at the year's Comic-Con (accuracy, Google it). This could — and should — be the film that puts Johnson well and truly noticed.

Just don't expect him to relocate to Hollywood any time soon. "If I had a choice of a place to live, I'd probably go and live in Italy or Scotland somewhere," he muses. "Take the south of France or Spain. Not fucking LA. Hollywood is not a place to fucking live. It's just too business-oriented for me. It's fine if you want to get a job. It's just the environment, it's not for me."



For now, Johnson is busy finishing *Chairman*, the latest offering from *Ringu* director Hideo Nakata. Filled with toppy twists, the film follows an online community who fully each other into carrying out questionable behaviour. "It's about Me in a goddamn universe," Johnson clarifies. "You've got this online world that's a f***t writing, and it's kind of what this online world would look like. So we're all in the same room together, yet we can't actually see each other."

Bei-young, talented, British — and on the path to something big, but does Johnson have a game plan? Or will he continue to baffle even himself and himself be his own inimitable-way? "I just really wanna make good films, find interesting roles and work with really fantastic directors," the actor says, citing Quentin Tarantino as his all-time favourite, and expressing a desire to work opposite Gary Oldman. "There are a lot of actors I obviously look up to and watch," he says. "But I don't aspire to be anyone but myself!" ☀



Katie Jarvis

"In proof that people like me should be given a chance."

Words = Matt Bodenki + Photography = Spencer Murphy

When Katie Jarvis won the Best British Performance award at Edinburgh this year, she didn't need to thank God, or her hairdresser, or any of the acceptance speech regulars. She needed to thank her boyfriend for being a pain in the arse.

Because if Katie's boyfriend were a pain in the arse, they wouldn't argue so much. And if they didn't argue so much, she wouldn't have been shouting off at her across the platform of Tilbury lower train station in 2005. And if she hadn't been shouting off at her across the platform of Tilbury Town train station in 2005, the casting assistant for Andiina Arnold's *Fish Tank* would never have noticed her. And if the casting assistant for Andiina Arnold's *Fish Tank* had never noticed her, the landscape of young British acting would look subtly but vastly different.

"I was one of them people that always wished that I could act, but never thought I actually would, because my parents couldn't afford to send me to drama school," she says. "I just used to look at it and think, 'Yeah, that's a dream. It's not gonna happen.' But it did happen, and it is a dream because I don't think it'll happen to anyone else."

Katie's story is so unlikely, so weighed down by ridiculous extremes of chance and good fortune that you might expect Richard Curtis to be lurking in the background. Plucked off the streets of Essex with no acting experience, Katie has now had face plastered across billboards, her name celebrated in walked circles and her debut film nominated for the prestigious Palme d'Or.



Fish Tank is the second feature from writer/director Andiina Arnold, whose hard-bitten debut, *Bad Road*, compiled her into the front line of young, morally vacuous British filmmakers. *Fish Tank* is a worthy successor, shot entirely on location in Essex, where the urban sprawl of London gives way to the wide open spaces where the Thames meets the sea. Here we meet Mia, a volatile 19-year-old, all mouth, attitude and warnings: she prowls the streets looking (we assume) for trouble, until it becomes clear that Mia = friendless, bored and heartbroken = is really just looking for a companion, a very out of her own element. She finds that companion, desperately, in Connor (Michael Fassbender), her mother's new boyfriend, who lies what he sees beneath the pair's account and sharp tongue. Shooting documentary style, and depicting the raw beauty of the concrete jungle, Arnold builds to a painful climax that will throw Mia's world into disarray.



And all this rests on his shoulders of an untold 18-year-old, a girl who is likely to attend the same country (and carcass) as him herself. There is no getting past the fact that Kath is a fabled story that's waiting to happen. Consider: Kath is a fabled story that's already happened. Shortly before *Fish Tank* debuted at the Cannes Film Festival, Kath, then only 17, gave birth to her first daughter, Lily. May. Guess that juicy piece of gossip, not to mention a BBC4 docu, that sounds like a parody of the Essex girl cliché, is the beginning to write Kath off as a tale experienced doomed to failure.

That of course, would be a mistake. "It's great that people like me should be given a chance," says Katie when asked about her background. "I prove that there are people out there that don't need the experience." While the producer line of young British actors often seems to come out identical (look-a-like kids with clipped accents, wide eyes and coy smiles), Katie has got the edgy, heretical, unmarketable energy of real life. She's a natural, peasant beauty, having herself to do what the drama kids do. And she does it better.



You don't need to worry about Stanislavski when you've got the Javis method: "I found it really easy to do the acting," she says. "I don't know what it is, but it came naturally to me just to go along with it. I just thought how it would look good and sound good, and that's how I done it. After a couple of days I just sort of forgot the camera was there, which made it easier."

But it wasn't all fun and games. "I well admit that there were times when I thought I couldn't do it no more. Not because I found it hard," she replies, "but because I'd left school and then I didn't do nothing for a few months, then I went to doing full-time Monday to Saturday, 12 hours a day, which was quite tiring. But from day one, as soon as I got into it, I just thought to myself, 'I've got to do it now. They've chosen me, I can't just walk away now. That's it.' But thinking of it like that helped me, and that's what drove me to do it properly."

This is when Katie and Matt start to converge. In the film, a key scene where Matt walks into a dance audition only to find that his ex stage and screen queen is silent and withdrawn. Katie, was, instead, forced by the requirement to dance at her auditions, but unlike Matt, who finds her will to conquer that self-doubt. "I thought to myself, as soon as I walked in, 'This got me chance! Conquer it! dance!'. I really don't know why they needed up choosing me, to be honest. I've got the experience with dancing, no experience with acting. I don't know why it was that chose me to keep going forward."

because part of me thought that I wasn't going to get it, so I could have just given up. But something inside me was saying, 'No, keep going, keep going.'

But it's the differences between herself and Ms that the actress uses, understandably, to emphasize. The danger for Karen is that people look at who she is, not what she's achieved, and refuse to see her as anything more than just another Ms playing herself. But Karen is determined to leave a reputation as an actress at her own right. "Even though I feel like I can relate to Ms, my personal life is nothing like her personal life," she says. "I don't just want to do *part* like that. I want to experience it with different things – older people, your ger people, I want to do a bit of everything. And hopefully I'll be able to prove to people that I'm not like Ms by showing them the different things I can do, and then I'll show that I don't need to go to no acting school or drama school, I can just do it naturally because I can. At the moment I'm actually saying to my agent that I don't want anything like Ms for my next film," she continues. "Too a lot of people do think I'm Ms Ms, and I think that people shouldn't be judging a book by its cover. Just because I've been in *Sex and the City* doesn't mean I'm like all the rest because I'm nothing like Ms at all."



It will be fascinating to see what the future holds for Kate. She'll never be any place other than where she is right now - a raw, unformed talent. And yet if I could only see her change, see where she's beginning to be shaped and refined, groomed and polished. She'll be beginning to develop the skills and confidence she'll need to survive, but with that inevitable, will come a sense of *dangerousness*.

But for Kate, it's about more than just the career now, anyway. "I'm worried about everything that is going on with Fish. Now, and what might be happening for the future," she says. "But at the same time, I am nervous because I suppose I'm a bit worried about everything. If not just me, I've got to think of have I got my little girl to think about as well? She's stops for a minute and thinks, and drops her voice. "Head-ache, I feel a lot older than 16, and I feel like I've had to grow up quick, absolutely tons of Fish book and then leaving my baby," she says. And then, with more conviction, "But I love how awesome she is."

For more information, visit [fishhawkcenter.org](http://www.fishhawkcenter.org).

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Harry Treadaway

"I would hate to ever forget how lovely I am."

Words = Maija Bodenstedt • Photography = Søren Christensen

There's something about Harry. Some tension. Some static, stalled energy. He's like a hot red with the handbrake on, wheels spinning, engine screaming, waiting for a single flick of a switch then – boom – off like a rocket. And the coming. It's coming.

You won't find him grandstanding in lead roles (well, not yet anyway), but look over the shoulder of *Big* Jim's young son, and there is Harry Treadaway, in the making, being someone.

He made his debut in Keith Fulton and Louis Pepe's brilliant oddity *Brothers of the Hemp* in 2005. Television followed, but not the cool stuff that gets you noticed. Then came *Contagion*, the biggest film of 2011, in which Harry played Joy Division character Stephen Morris. You could tell. He was the drummer because Harry mainly stayed in the background and kept his mouth shut. Now he's got a key role in *Anders* (Austen's *A Fish Tank*) but just as he's ready to step into the limelight, along comes Katie Jarvis to hog all the headlines.

Not that he planned it that way, but Harry's career is an offbeat lesson in patient, educated chaos. Intoxicated with suddenly building train-wreck sex in *Old Vicenç's City of Ember* – a whole movie that put Harry in league with the likes of Bill Murray and Tim Robbins. Next year is a sabbatical (maybe it's a pilgrimage) to New York, to start work on rehearsals for Edward Albee's new play. For Harry, you put the until last, the career around, and you leave the rest to take care of itself.

His background could hardly be more different to Fish Tank costar Kate James. He grew up in a tiny village in Devon – peace, quiet, open spaces, lambs to feed. He used to drive up and entertain the family, who wisely figured that this sort of behaviour was more acceptable in big cities. They packed him off to London at 16, to drama school, to find his fortune. ☺

With months, he'd landed the lead role in *Brothers of the Head* — or sort of at least, alongside his brother, Luke — as a Siamese twin with dreams of being a rock star. But if it sounds like success came too easily, here at pains to play it down: "That was the first audition I'd ever had, but it was a pretty, completely random chance of getting it. I'd written my name down on some student notice board that passed me up with someone who was already out auditioning for roles. It was three years too early — it wasn't a time when I thought I was going to do anything."

As with Kaitlyn's experience of being spotted on the street, luck played its part in Harry's career kickstart. But at the same time, is it the kind of divine intervention that who'll always be privileged over someone like him? He doesn't see it that way: "I sometimes find that as soon as you're from drama school, people assume that there's some sort of golden ticket that you come out with," he says. "But I've spent the last few years trying to forget a lot of things, especially for filming, because you don't really need a load of theories running around your head while you're pretending to be someone else. And that's what it is, isn't it? I think it's intrinsic to theater training, for voice and stuff like that. I don't think it gives you anything necessarily for filming."

Boycourt

Harry, at least, is almost entirely free of the baggage with which drama school can weigh you down, the introspection, the self-analysis, the scholastic. Instead, he is refreshingly off-the-wall, unplanned and unstructured. His motto? "Keep creative, keep pushing beyond your comfort zone, to any step and engaged." "I think you've got it," he says. "Artists, you're always part of somebody else's bigger vision, even though you work as hard as you can to make it seem like yours. But at the end of the day it's always somebody's bigger thing. For me, personally, I love doing my own creative stuff — that keeps me feeling good, feeling alive."

Harry's another stuff in music, writing and photography, "but all within my own bedrooms." Outside of his bedrooms, he's just as undirected: his first short film with a bunch of friends, a project that he describes as "fascinating": "It was a no-budget production," he explains. "We spent £2000 on a video camera and that was it. Then we pulled trousers and got a really amazing little team together. As it happens, Harry's brief history with short films is an illustrious one. He starred in *Love You More*, a brilliant short art in 1978 about a pair of schoolkids who buy the new Bucks Fizz single then go home and sleep. The talent involved is mouthwatering: Harry stars alongside Andrae Risenborough, Sam Taylor-Wood directed; Patrick Marber wrote the screenplay; Stephen McGarvey handled with the lights.

That's Harry all over — focused on small, innovative projects alongside great collaborators. "I've been incredibly lucky, I look back and think about the directors and actors I've worked with and the projects that I've done," he admits. "There's not one that I'd take out and go, 'I wish I hadn't done that.' They all have had a strong impact on me. And the directors and actors have just been ridiculous," he continues. "I've learned a lot from the people I've worked with, and all I hope to do is work on projects that I believe in and work in a harsh field, you know? Keep my head down and keep working or whatever I want to do."

There's not to say he won't enjoy the trappings of success. He might not be a household name yet, but he's certainly starting to experience the specifics of being an actor. "There's been a few invitations to parties — that does come with it, I suppose. And definitely, anyone would be stupid not to enjoy it," he says. So where does he go? "I'm events? Permeants? Exclusive nightclubs?" "Me and my mate went to the toilet the other day. I wouldn't have gone there if I hadn't got tickets. That was great."

Amazingly, the press seem to have missed him stumbling out of the toilet at Sam's. And they're not going to get too many other opportunities: "I would start turning down things to go to," says Harry. "If you open a new laptop, I think you know in your heart whether you'd go to that yourself anyway, or what have you. I'm just going because you think it's cool. It's something to take note of each time," he continues. "I would hate to ever forget how lucky I am, because I didn't even know it." ■

[Turn to page 88 for the Fish Tank review](#)

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Riz Ahmed

"Growing up was a headfuck for me."

Words = Matt Bohrnski + Photography = Sam Gervais

The new generation of British stars are an eclectic bunch. There's no more segregation – they move fluidly between big budget television and low budget film, between stage, screen and shorts. But none of them capture the multimedia aesthetic of the twenty-first century quite like Riz Ahmed.

It's been a long, strange trip. Riz had a fling before he broke through in Michael Winterbottom's *The Road to Guantánamo* in 2006 at the age of 24. He grew up in North London, hanging out with "a lot of ravers and grunge types", doing Hungs. He doesn't really talk about, but also being "used as a way of keeping the cocaine fire burning". "Growing up in the area I did was quite a headfuck for me, seeing some of the things my brother and cousins were connected to," he remembers. "Then going to the good school". Just as Riz MC was making a name for himself on pirate radio, he got a scholarship to Merchant Taylors, an independent boys school perched right on the right side of the tracks. □



From Michael Taylor, Riz continued to wobble (and to struggle with) two different worlds. After a year at Oxford to study PPE, but the feeling of being caught in a cultural no-man's-land led to a strong sense of alienation. "After my first month there I got really depressed and started smoking weed a lot and kind of going, 'This is not me,'" he explains. "I was going around making lists on pieces of paper: 'Okay, this is what would be happening if we stayed in London doing my painter studio stuff; this is what's good about living in Oxford.'"

To keep himself together he sat up a side night, *Hit & Run*, which became the focal point for a crowd that he could finally find part of. Looking back on Oxford from a distance, he's reflective. "I feel like some of the friends I made there are precious to me," he says. "If people can relate to that headache, me like going through trauma together – it's like we were all in that plane crash. We crashed landed, but we landed."



After uni, Riz turned to acting school. (But the publicity that accompanied the release of *Road To Guadalcanal* and, after it, *The Path To Self*, brought new problems.) Riz was given to the mill of a media machine obsessed with modern, multicultural Britain. When an Oxford-educated Asian rapper/actor from North London fell out of the eye, he was suddenly cast upon as a symbol of that new, extremely diverse, culturally assimilated country. But Riz himself didn't want to be a symbol of anything.

"You always had people hanging labels on me," he says, with obvious frustration. "It's an obsession, especially in the UK. It's like everything has to be put somewhere, and that's something that really put my back up in lots of ways. It's something I've struggled with for a long time and still do, really. I wrote a song called 'Rider', which is all about social stereotyping and stuff – I'm still not overruled that 'we're not really'."

In reality, it's remarkably difficult to apply any label to Riz because he's constantly evolving. Although he continues to appear in carefully chosen and consistently high-quality independent films – most recently *East Of The Sun* and *Sally Potter's Rape* – his main focus over the last year has been a residency at London's Southbank Centre.

The Southbank Centre and Riz are perfectly matched. Obviously assimilated comfortably among the middle-classes, they're both dedicated to cutting-edge art and culture. Riz got involved as an Emerging Artist in Residence when he was one of 10 acts selected by Natas Sereyny to produce a series of new works. Alongside Riz, there were Grimes, wonkytard, Goth rockers, beatboxers and Kelvin Dreams.

"I like my days, man, because it's just freedom and it's good to do loads of different things. I've got a short attention span, which is good because that's the way Meva are going," he laughs.

Along with his first album, 2009's *Interest Post* (BYT Blks), Riz is only this week reluctantly spoke to local strategists and question of ethnicity. "I used to think, 'It'd be great to work with an Asian director on the big film but is it looking down class, you know?'" But now, he says, "My intention is to represent myself. It's not the reason I'm doing this, to represent the people on fight for a cause or that kind of thing. Ultimately I want to broaden this, and I think it's important that these things are broadened. The 'Holy Grail' is that you've just got a guy in a film, he happens to be Asian. In nature, 'Sinty' or whatever. And when you get to that point, I think that whole burden of representation is past tense. That's the hope it's had, man, but I think we're getting there, and hopefully things like *Shifty* are a stamping-stone towards that colour blindness."

[Turn to page 74 for a review of *Shifty*](#)

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Andrea Riseborough

"I like a good beating."

Words = Paul Fairbrass + Photography = Sam Christmas



It's a paradoxical aspect of our relationship with actors that what we value most in these serial pretenders is the ability to project truth, or at least a version of it. Fortunately, projecting truth has never been a problem for Andrea Riseborough, whose four-year post-RADA career is crammed with roles in which she has immersed herself so fully that at times she seems to disappear altogether.

Being photographed on the set of *UMA*'s office, she's still half-submerged in character, sporting an impervious boffin's do and a grey ten that has a million miles from her natural, pale look. "I'm so sorry that I'm arrange," she exclaims. "I've been totally Tenged!" She's mood-matched from the *Diagramm* shoot of the *W*—not *We Want You*, with hair and make-up intact. It's an example of the first placed determination that's been her slyly handy a day off since 2008.

Block them, in the cult TV drama *Party Animals*, she was one of several of the cast members to go on to bigger things. But for Riseborough, the well-coming out bell was an edge in the National Theatre's 2008 *New Connections* season, which saw her around audiences alongside Andrew Scott and now Doctor Who's Matt Smith.

That obsession for new writing offered the first indicator of the extraordinary versatility an actress in Thalidomide bops *The Long Walk to Finchley* and Cliff Wier epic *The Devil's Wheel*. She's equivocal as whether it was the scale of those TV projects, which would once have been the preserve of the big screen, that attracted her.

"The thing you pull out as an actor," she says, "is the project, the material." She pauses, as she does when she wants to be certain her words reflect what she really believes. "I can't say that I've ever been part of anything that I thought was, you know, bad. I wouldn't do it if I did," she laughs. "So I've been drawn to Cliff Wier scripts [*The Devil's Wheel*] and Tony Slattery scripts [*The Long Walk to Finchley*], because these are brilliant pieces of British television writing. And that's the basis, the starting point: great writing, brilliant directors, actors, casting directors, DPs and designers." 

Rowborough grew up in Whitley Bay, where her early dramatic education was self-taught and theatrical. "Reading plays was one of my favourite things," she says. "Shakespeare first – I learnt them. I mean, when you're new you don't understand them all but you have a good go."

Such a good go, in fact, that she arrived at RADA in 2002 having picked up more than 60 amateur stage roles and a couple of professional parts. Work on Sean Taylor Wood's short *Love You More*, as well as a gig with Mike Leigh, followed. However, along the line of the theatre, having a father in Direct to the silver screen also had an effect. "It's a massive film fan," she says. "I'm his phone-friend on Facebook and YouTube, and he's here in Hollywood – old Hollywood. I can say, Dad, that guy who had that one line in *Rebel Without a Cause*? – and he'll just know it. When he comes with me to LA I've got to go to the studios and think, 'I used to watch this on screen in '48, '50, and now I'm here. He loves it.'

Not long after Monica Bellucci in the office, she explains how her feelings about film differ from her father's. "She's so good in *Irreversible* – one of the most harrowing experiences of my life! But it's a perfect example of how film can deeply, deeply affect you. That's part of your relationship with it: the way with training yourself to feel things so much more than entertainment. A lot of people don't like film that way, for example my dad doesn't, but he loves it as much. I watch *Contagion* and feel the same [as irreverable] – I like a good beating. I'm going to a film being almost a rite of passage." Does she mean that you should come away in some way changed? "Or that you don't come out in some very changed," she says, pointing out that pure enjoyment has its place too. "Because we all enjoyed *Rocky*. You can't pretend you didn't! Or *Star Wars*?"

Rowborough's trips to Los Angeles are precious. She sees clear of the caricature of the place as a soulless dollar factory. "It's a place that I really love, that harbours loads of people who want to do similar things that I do. The real goodfella's out there who want to make great art and make things happen creatively."

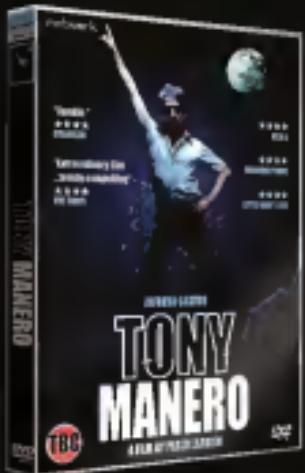
She may not be saying this is good for, but need onlies are. Does that make taking risks easier? The question prompts another gathering of disparate thoughts. "It's really crucial to make the balance between me and my director, and the relationship physically between me and my work. I want to be able to be productive creatively without it depending on anything. That takes a lot of self-confidence, self-belief, self-love. And as we know, as humans, if we could just buy those they would be the most expensive resources on the planet, wouldn't they? Because with them you can do anything. I think we all struggle with that."



Her next film, *We Want You*, returns to the field in Vietnam played out in Lang Wei and Deng Wei's, discriminating the Ford Dependent women who went on strike for equality. She's engrossed, passionately interested, about the movie's back-ground. "The Dependent girls we probably risk of talking about it because everyone wanted a piece of them, they were so influential in 1989, who would have known in the middle of what was pretty much an ethnic cleanse population – which stood for very good things but which were funded by the middle-class – that the people who eventually changed everything would be these Dependent girls? Who had the basis to fund these girls with about being graded as skilled workers. Things like Vietnam pretty much hadn't touched them in a while?" The observation prompts her to consider the leads of that cultural evolution, laughing fondly as she recalls, "I remember my mom once saying, 'The Beatles never took drugs! Which is when I realised I needed to move to Hanoi!'"

The area should at least be good grounding for her next role, in Florian Zeller's *Bridge of Spies*, as a widow, Rose, adrift among heartless gangsters. And if her past commitment to that elusive notion of the truth in anything to go by, she is probably interrogating the staff in a psychiatric Hoxton flatroom at this very moment. ☺

network



TONY MANERO

A sociopathic dancer will stop at nothing to win a talent contest and national exposure in one of the darkest chapters in Chile's modern history.

Chilean director Pablo Larrain shows an astonishing use of cinematic technique in only his second film. Critics raved about both the film and its star, Alfredo Castro, with *Uproar* calling the film "a highly original portrait of a sociopath in a corrupt, festering, morally bankrupt society... compulsive viewing."

Tony Manero is a brave, multi-layered thriller that is tragic, bleakly humorous, and utterly compelling.

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Ed Hogg



"I just like having a go."

Words = Josh Wrenning + Photography = Sam Christmas

Ed Hogg isn't your run-of-the-mill, everyday movie star. You, he's the luminescent lead in trippy mindbender *White Lightness* ("I'm so proud of it. You feel like you've been through something when you watch it"), and yes, he's shagged Connie Fisher (on-screen, for a scene that – infamously – had him guzzling champagne by the bucket-load backstage and then vomiting post-clinch).

But Hogg isn't like all the other hedging Hollywood celebs. For a start, he's currently working in a pub on Tottenham Court Road. "I don't know about being a Hollywood star," the media mugs we see point out his peculiar profession, "but yes, I'm still working in a pub. At the moment I've got no bloody money!"

The 35-year-old Dusseldorf native Hogg wanted to be an actor to begin with, anyway. Hailing from Yorkshire – and still in possession of a distinctive northern lilt – the young Hogg had his eye on an altogether cooler profession. "I wanted to be in a band. I was in a band when I was at school," he revises, before shrugging and band's name (not without a wistful air of nostalgic pride) as "Pomo King." "I was about 18 and that's all I wanted to do." But the world of rock was not for him. One gap year and a prisioned plan to attend university later, and Hogg "fell into acting" when his sister decided to double in an drama. "I've not looked back since, really." □



But wait. What was that about snagging *Cillian Murphy*? Playing *Chen* to Hogg's *Bomby* in *When Lightens*, Peter is equally new to the *War* British comedy. The film takes the saucy-sassy life of amateur dancer Jessie White and runs off with it into the dark recesses of a scared, drug-addled imagination. As Jessie, Hogg found himself wanting Jessie from a rotting-piped stick of a particularly callous and calculating interesting with the former *Potemkin* line: "I must've watched *Star Wars* a million times growing up - I mean, it's on every Christmas," the actor sighs, before adding with typical northern candor, "It was wonderful to meet her; she was absolutely fab."

Jade

White Lightens marks Hogg's first lead role after a slew of supporting appointments at the *Notre Dame*, *Nicholas Nickleby*, *Allo and Allo*, *Allo, Allo!*, *At the Head*. Even then he deserved, looking out from the screen of scenes with his big round eyes, burning with quiet intensity. *Lightens* presents an opportunity with which he seems destined to have been gifted. Take them when issued if the entire material resulted in a difficult or dreary shoot, Hogg confesses, easily stamped by the question: "It's my first kind of major role in a film, and when I look back now I just remember it being brilliant," he admits. "It was a bit long; there were long days. But it was more thrilling than anything else, I was so excited. I mean, I was nervous, but just very, very excited to be involved in something like that."

The role is an actor's dream — requiring a certain degree of both giddiness and sombering, but then — in order, get this! — that keeps the film (and the character) from lurching into the mire of absurdity. Hogg puts it high, rhetorically: *When Lightens* has a raw, wild, fearless, and cushioned Peter in tow, shoving him in a broken bottle, before turning the nakedish weapon on himself in a blood-poolingly graphic scene.

But ask him about any method to his acting, madness, and Hogg is characteristically forth: "I don't think of my relatives dying or anything like that," he explains. "But you do have to get yourself into that kind of mind-space. [Dramatic] Dominic Murphy had this technique called 'high shear,' where you jump on the spot for three minutes, and then I'd stand and shout a bit at the top of my voice. And then you'll play the scene. It is bit embarrassing, but it really works to get you to a certain place."

Like most actors, Hogg cut his teeth in the theatre. In 2000, he graduated from the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art in London. He quickly earned some notice and an Ian Charleson Award nomination for his part in *Mayhem* at the Gate Theatre. Working on the stage and in film has well, as down the pub, Hogg, remains philosophical about the differences between them. "I like being in film, I like going to watch a film, and I'm in it, and going 'Wow,'" he says. "But, actually, I think doing the physical kind of acting, being on stage, is better. Because it's happening, it's instant; there and then of the time."

He remains particularly close to acclaimed theatre director Daniel Kramer, who he's worked with on numerous occasions. "Theatre work. I like working with Daniel," he explains. "I like to do what he wants to do — he always does interesting stuff. I don't know what would be my dream job. At the moment I'm really enjoying being at [Globe] and performing and doing exciting things. Just — to be doing that more, really. To play interesting parts."

Just don't expect him to turn into the next Hugh Grant. "I tend to get cast in older men, older people," the actor says. "I don't really get many romantic leads. So I guess those are the parts I'll play for a little while. I like doing anything, I just like having a go, you know?"



Looking to the future, Hogg is *Shame* and *the Ball* already wrapped, and set for release later this year. Directed by Paul King of *Shameless* fame, Hogg plays Steve, a young man who takes an ungratifying road trip inside his apartment, based on his mother and grandmother's a European trip from years before. It's a bittersweet British comedy of the life that hasn't been seen for a long time, maybe ever. Released by the indomitable Warp X, it puts Hogg at the vanguard of new British film.

After that is *Officer Keefe's Expanding Purple World*, which the actor describes as "a weird film, kind of odd British." And if that's not enough, while shooting *World War Peeples*, Hogg will head back to the National Theatre for a stint in *Our Class*. "You've just got to work when you can and do as much as possible," Hogg says. Something tells us that won't include the pub for much longer.

BY JEFFREY MELLO A review of *Philip Lightens*

FROM THE STYLING SCREEN TO THE FILM SCREEN

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Rachel Hurd-Wood

"If my career ends here then fine."

Words = Nell Frizzell + Photography = Sam Christmas

Of all the things you might want to know about Rachel Hurd-Wood, one thing in particular stands out. Is Hugh Laeue really her uncle? "No, not at all" she replies immediately. "It's so weird. I mean, where does that come from? My uncle lives in Wales and is an artist."

And as, once again, He proves that you can't believe everything you read on the internet. However, even a cursory look at Hurd-Wood's profile will tell you one undeniable fact: the *Perfume* actress and star of *Orphan* is young. Exceptionally young, considering the size of the projects she's been involved with.

Her career started at the age of 11, when she was chosen to play Wendy in PJ Hogan's *Peter Pan*. And that was only seven years ago. "I think Wendy was my favourite character," says Hurd-Wood. "It is the part that I most live up to. At the time I couldn't have been more right for that. Or rather, it couldn't have been more right for me."

So...she was a nice middle-child girl with a penchant for driving shadows and being captured by pirates? "It was such a bizarre experience. I was very shy as a child," Hurd-Wood says. "I hadn't done anything very exciting. Even I mean, it was just a standard childhood. And then I was placed from school to go to Australia. It changed my life."



Hurd-Wood was born in Birstall before moving to Sumner with her parents when she was eight. Despite being almost unrecognisably described as an "English rose", she is a rocker that seems to mildly irritate her, although as she says, "far enough. I can't really help it." The actress is, in fact, half Irish. Her father, Philip Hurd-Wood, is also an actor and television artist who is "massively supportive" of his daughter. ☺

However, looks aside, the most striking thing about Hud-Wood is the strong ambivalence she displays towards her career. When asked if she would have become an actress had it not been for that lucky break at 11, she replies, "Probably not. I want to teach or do speech therapy [she is currently doing a Foundation degree], maybe working with autistic children. It was never my goal to be an actor," she continues. "If my career ends here then fine. It's just a path I've had. I've had a damn good time."

After the enormous hype of *Perfume*, when Hud-Wood was being touted as the next big thing by film critics and magazine editors alike, the teenager simply fell silent for a year. What's she worried about this effect that would have on her profile? "I'm not bothered with my profile. Although I had audiences [after *Perfume*] say my face was it really in it," she admits. "My primary focus has always been an school. I wouldn't describe myself as an actor. I'd describe myself as a student."

And yet she has been exceptionally hard working. During her AS Levels she was doing publicity for *Perfume* before spending a month and a half away during her A Level year shooting *Bel Ami*. And she still came out with enviable grades. Even now, while studying at UCL, she's continued to juggle demands with work while shooting *Dominion*, stating that she "would love to do more film stuff at Uni."



Her latest role sees Hud-Wood in another fairly sinister sexual piece in which she plays a seduced, old-world beauty. Is she worried about typecasting? "I'm sick of having red hair," she admits (she's naturally a blonde), "but people seem to like that aesthetic. I would really like to play someone contemporary as I've done lots of period pieces. I would love to play an American bimbo or a grumpy Londoner! But I'm probably more suited in people's minds to playing a corrupted victim. They think, 'Oh right, she's pale, she looks like she couldn't really fight back.'

Then again, Hud-Wood admits that she is "really crasy" at most things physical. "I've got stomach but I just can't do anything physical. When I did *Perfume*, all the flying and sword fighting things were done by the boys." Has she ever found that she is treated differently because she's a woman? "I live in the racing world and it's because she's a woman. I'm the racing world and a bastion of sexism? You might get the odd comment, like 'Oh, can you do this scene in a bikini?'" she says. "But they're only joking. No one's ever been inappropriate. If someone was being derogatory towards me as a woman then I would be really pissed off and I would take them up on it."

The only behaviour that seems to really tie Hud-Wood is when people just strikingly rewards her because of what she does for a living. "I hate it when people are different towards me," she says. "You know, when people find out what I do, they look me. So what have you been in? Why have you met that person? Or they just look me if I'm famous. And I find it so weird. I mean, Keira Knightley is gorgeous and famous so I can understand when people get excited when she walks into a room. But acting is just my job. I have friends who work much harder than me."

During her brief career, Hud-Wood has crossed alongside some of Britain's most established actors. Was it intimidating to work with mega-stars like Alan Rickman and Colin Firth when she was starting out? "I really admire Alan Rickman. I was so nervous to meet him. But I've never worked with anyone who's scary," she says. "Never, does that even exist? Perhaps the fact that she approached these actors as colleagues, rather than simply as a fan, helped her develop a rapport that most 18-year-olds can only dream of.

"It's funny," Hud-Wood says. "After *Perfume* I had to see Alan Rickman for about three months and then I saw him at an event. So I came up behind him and started pulling on his sleeve, saying, 'Mr Rickman! Oh, Mr Rickman, I'm so excited to meet you!' He just turned round with this look of despair on his face. When he saw it was me he just laughed and told me to fuck off." ☺



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Chapter FOUR



IN WHICH WE REVIEW

the 'dark' film releases

film releases



DISTRICT 9

DIR: NEIL BLUMKAMP
WRITERS: NEIL BLUMKAMP,
CHRISTOPHER LEE

REVIEW
BY
JONATHAN
LEWIS



Back in the '90s, the *newspaper* reckoned *Lord of the Rings* was unfilmable. Well, how about the story of your possum-like aliens who arrive on Earth seeking asylum? Peter Jackson obviously looks challenged, and, in his role as producer, he's summoned the might of the special effects wizards at WETA to cast their spell over a warbling of *Wall*, *Blowup*'s 2005 rock doc. *Alien vs. Johnson*.

Through documentary flashback we learn that it's 10 years since a giant spaceship descended to our planet with a cargo of extra-terrestrial refugees. These unannounced visitors have since been integrated into South African society in an almost undetectable, while their monstrous and havers supernaturally above the capital - an ominous portent of future conflict.

With the world watching, and relations between species disintegrating, the government

hires a shadowy multinational to relocate the aliens to their new home in District 9 - little more than a shabby concentration camp that their dimly intelligent are to find a way to harness the awesome power of the aliens' biotech weaponry. Enter bumbling agent Wikus Van De Kerkkow (Sharlto Copley) who gets contaminated with a mysterious substance during the botched clear out, and soon sprouts an alien claw.

On the run from his former employer, and desperate to kill his metamorphosis, he enters a lawless wasteland inhabited by Nigerian gangsters trading alien anatomy with nothing "possum" - addicted to refined oil food. Bloody comic and disturbingly possible. Transformation that an r.

Early teeter-tottered the film's unusual setting to insipid audience into thinking that *District 9* was an allegory for the failings of post-Apartheid South Africa

with added flashes of digested carnage. But the origins of this project provide the real clue for what to expect. After failing to secure backing for an adaptation of legendary sci-fi video game *Halo*, Blumkamp and Jackson have decided to show the studios what they raised: returning to the genre only this time released from the creative shackles that an established franchise brings.

And what a fitting experience it turns out to be. Blumkamp plods and with anachronistic (and outrageously bloody) action scenes, Blumkamp announces himself in a major way, without letting the third act concern lose focus in a blur of noise. For while the look of his film (crying tech) is visually distorted (style of *Terminator 2*), it's not, it's always within a three-act film that supports a breakdown fight and flight story.

During its pure Cloverfield on the short list of new-age action

movies fuelled by something close to auteur vision, a documentary sensibility and an open desire to defy genre pigeonholing. Managing to throw serious paws with the way humans have the capacity to turn against each other, Blumkamp's film often thought provoking thrills that have the audience rooting for CGI characters in a way George Lucas can only dream of. The stage might be set for a sequel, but the insatiable expectation and bigger budget (District 9 cost just \$30m) means it will have to go some to match the impact of a compelling modern classic. **Ben Brightmore**

Distopia, Producer Peter Jackson and the WETA workshop do little wrong in a while Neil Blumkamp has a point to prove. **•**

Spaced, Let *Alien vs. Johnson* fly as if you're watching *Alien* or *Terminator* for the first time. **•**

Is Betrayed, The lastest it fails to zero. **•**



FISH TANK

REVIEW BY **CLIVE STONE**
DIRECTOR **John Michael McDonagh**
SCREENPLAY **John Michael McDonagh**

DRAMA
15
100 mins



Consider for a moment the title of Andrea Arnold's exhilarating second feature, *Fish Tank*. It comes loaded with the inference of restriction, of confinement, of repression, of outsiders looking down on a lesser species. It would have been a legitimate title for her previous film, *Bird Road*, about a CCTV worker monitoring the actions of a man she once knew.

Yet during the first half hour of this new film – an electric and volatile slice of Thatcherian misery – Arnold's characters appear to be experiencing the contrary. Their boundaries are now absent, they thrive on spontaneity, they do as they please: they live in the moment, for better and for worse.

The film is about Mia (Kate Jagger), a fishbrain, head-spouting 15-year-old who, we're initially led to believe, prefers to use her head to fight rather than to think. She lives in a poky domestic-on-a-gang high-rise estate with pony-

recalcitrant younger sister Tyler (Rebecca Grimes) and love-estricted mother Joanne (Kirsten Warmig), but spends most of her time in a deserted flat nearby where she privately teaches herself to dance.

Coming out of unnecessary exposition, it is a testament to Arnold's undoubted skill as a filmmaker that she is able to give us an instant feel for these characters, live within the first three- or four minutes of this. The perfectly chosen locations, the salty language and the tense interactions between characters all drip with detail and texture.

The exposition is triggered when unappraising security guard Connor (Michael Fassbender) – the mysterious new love interest of Mia's mother – arrives on the scene. This is where the film, even as it title as it evolves into a study of close co-habitation, and perhaps more importantly, how that proximity turns the place into

a hotbed of psychological drama. Any more detail about what actually occurs in the film would only impair its remarkable succession of genuinely disturbing and inspiring developments, but it mostly concerns Connor's seemingly benign efforts to draw Mia from her shell.

As an already tormented-in-in-Red-Rose, Arnold demonstrates an almost Hitchcockian ability to visualize encroaching danger and coded emotion on screen. It's this that pushes *Fish Tank* into an altogether higher bracket of filmmaking. Some scenes are likely to be the most agonizingly tense you'll see in the cinema this year, as Arnold, with the aid of DP Robbie Ryan, doesn't so much film the action as intricately map our emotions with the camera. Connor should also go to her actors, who give Arnold their all. Fassbender has never been better. Newcomer Jagger effortlessly carries the film.

But while Arnold's technique

is muscular for sure, her writing still needs some fine-tuning. A subplot involving a sort of love affair with Harry (Broadway's grumpy traveller) feels extraneous, and Michael's mege-dance to find his charmed up home in too pronounced a visual metaphor to at least to the quantity and quality of the film's tensions. But these are easily forgotten flaws in what is a lean, empathetic and dramatically credible portrait of desperation and desire on the color-splashed green of adolescence. *Alien* Mack.

Bottom line: Arnold proves her Real must be a real talent. ●

Bottom line: Engaging and bitterly-relevant British drama. You know Arnold could make a bad film. ●

Bottom line: It's not quite place Arnold is the most popular. But seriously job he is the best or the third filmmaker currently alive. ●

(500) DAYS OF SUMMER

MOVIE OF THE WEEK
Loving and losing
with best...
comedy

Is this the best rom-com for blokes ever made? Directed by a man (Mac White), written by two more (Scott Neustadter Michael H Weber), and doubling the heartbreak of another (Joseph Gordon-Levitt's Tom Hansen), *(500) Days of Summer* shows men to be as sensitive, as vulnerable and as romantic as women.

Its other strength is pure quirk. With a massive trajectory that loops backwards and forwards through Tom's relationship with his one and only Summer (Zooey Deschanel), it follows emotional triggers in the same way that an overheard song will throw you back into memory.

And it's peppered with sharp humour. Punctuated by a great



soundtrack. Possessed of an indie sensibility fuelled with references to great films. And faced with the universal truth that any of us can fall in love with The One – only to find that The One doesn't see it that way.

If *(500) Days* marries, it's only because it could have gone further. The ending nods in the direction of the mainstream, sacrificing the courage of its indie convictions. But the mainstream rom-coms should sail at up-and down from the buoyancy of this little brother.

Director Marc White deserves credit for casting excellent and uncompromising leads for showing Los Angeles as a town with an aesthetic, and for his deft handling of male vulnerability. And with that, the film provokes our lurking prejudices. It is remarkable that Deschanel's Summer has been criticised for her insensitivity when, if the roles were reversed, the male would suffer no such damage.

(500) Days of Summer is a great film – a step up from the

gender development that will be referenced for years to come. And aside from all that, it's really good fun. Lorraine Heggessey

Atmosphere 9/10 It's not a world of much...

Originality 9/10 Set out-of-the-jurisdiction for Beatles and beyond, *Barrie* is King on great rock

Entertainment 9/10 *Here you come* *(500) Days of Summer*

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JESSE EISENBERG: MAN OF LETTERS

INTERVIEW BY DAN BRIGHTMORE

FILMOGRAPHY JESSE EISENBERG

- American (2005)
- Death Race (2008)
- Die Hard With a Vengeance (1995)
- The Emperor's Club (2002)
- The Incredibles (2004)
- Cast Away (2000)
- The Siege and the Reign of Lothar Bloch (2007)
- The Watch (2011)
- The Imperial Palace (2004)
- Super Size Me (2004)

Jesse Eisenberg has taken time out from his post-grad studies to make a flying visit to the Edinburgh Film Festival. It might sound like we're being the-fools with a jet-setting Hollywood lifestyle, but the cerebral young actor, who first came to our attention in the indie cult-of-cinema tale *Rogue Leader* and then *The Signature of the Wolf*, doesn't hang out at those tawny parties. "I live in New York. Besides, I guess I have lofty ideals and don't care much about celebrity." Warning to this theme he jokes, "Anyways, I'm not so famous that people are relying on me to make their being." That might well be about to change.

In the 1960s-set *Adventurists*, Eisenberg's James is stranded with a dead-end job at an amusement park. Set to move on or a planned summer Burns trip, he's faced with a depressing alternative — philosophical best friend Pigo threatening to kick off in his face if he fails at living after striking. But what about Eisenberg in own real-world? "I had a weird childhood," he reveals. "I had no friends my own age. When I was younger I did a lot of theatre and all my friends were in their forties, so if they'd done that they would have been arrested — I guess they got kicked off it people's houses out of their systems before I met them."

Performance is in the blood for Eisenberg — his mother used to be a clown at children's parties — and with semesterly tag-along expenses he struggles to remember doing a boring summer job. But he does admit that he didn't care for his dad. "No surprise that's started out bad, but he has since turned out good for me. I once worked with my father doing construction in New Jersey. It just got worse as it went on and I quit. And that's all the time anyway," he deadpans.

Signature's director Greg Mosca has crafted a bittersweet romantic comedy perfect for Eisenberg's subtle approach. He plays an innocent, comically perched by inexperience, using infatuation to draw the audience in. Like James, Eisenberg says he's hard on her right off and has lived with his partner of seven years, "I guess James is a romantic idealist who wants to fall in love with a girl before he's seen with her. He might be neanderthal Woody Allen but he's less indecisive and proves that nice guys can get the girl." The advice he gets from Ryan Reynolds' character is terrible but he says "permissible."

The *New York* resident of Woody Allen's *Annie Hall* springs to mind, with Eisenberg both nervously affable and prone to fits of joking fits. "We weren't allowed on the rates during fittings for fear of us dying. Insurance didn't allow it. I don't even know what my whole mind is tuning into right

now. It's like those makes that eat themselves."

Eisenberg could be a contender for Michael Caine's role as the genteel guy for comedic vulnerability, but it's refreshing to meet an actor who doesn't with a pinch of salt; who, when pressed, admits it's not even a career goal for him. "I'm lucky to be working at all after taking time out to finish college. I'm studying anthropology but I'm not a playwright in New York. A play of mine is being turned into a movie but I don't like writing movies — it doesn't come as naturally to me."

For a guy with such reluctance to commit to the craft, he's certainly busy. This autumn he'll be seen in *Homefront* (Zack Snyder's) — well outside his comfort zone. "It's a buddy comedy about these two guys trying to get home together running from hordes of zombies. Bill Murray, Amber Heard and Woody Harrelson are in it too. It's R-rated but funny and pretty gory — a great Halloween movie." He's also worked on a film with Long Beach frankie Fred Durst. Set to be released in the UK, the film was developed as an Iggy Pop television on *Punk Rock*. "It's called *The Education of Charlie Banks*," says his reason. "My character witnesses a murder and years later thinks he may be living with the killer on a college campus. It doesn't work out for either of them," he reveals smugly.

Set to further showcase his diversity, Eisenberg has wrapped on a dark but kool-aid-sounding thriller called *Holy Motors*, the intense true-story of a Hasidic Jew who becomes an exotic dancer working as a drag male for an Israeli gang in the '80s. Allotted to the, he's signed on to play legendary Best poet Allen Ginsberg in drama *Kill Your Darlings*, set on the Columbia University campus of the 1960s and based on a murder case involving *Howl* Best lines Jack Kerouac and William Burroughs.

Beyond acting, Eisenberg is keen to get back to his studies, and his early passion — music. "I played on a team when I was a kid. I'd Collage 'In the Air Tonight', what a weird! But the New York playwright was always destined to be a man of letters, and now has a website, www.eisenberg.com. It's a dodgy porn portal, but a sophisticated wordplay game site. Since his acting career took off it's been dormant, but it's further proof that Eisenberg is a one-off, obviously at odds with the possible career prospectus line of questionable new talent starring in the newest slate of popcorn fare. If he does defect for good, the silver screen's a loss to the theatre's gain.

Read the full interview online in the week of the film's release.



ADVENTURELAND

REVIEW
SARAH

REVIEW
SARAH



This is the powder-puff project that Greg Mottola put on the backburner when *Judd Apatow's* *Hollywood* Image machine came calling with the chance to direct *Superbad*. So how do you follow a high-spirited, gay-happy *Superbad*? With a scrubby, screechy and hopefully playful non-com, it seems.

Adventureland is set in a pebbled-surfaced '60s-style theme park where a motley crew of pot-heads, punks and bubble-gum blowers bumble-mangle through summer in Pittsburgh, an idyll rambling the bents at an old-school amusement park. Managed by a comically rampant Bill Hader (both *Superbad* co-writer and *Superbad* co-star), the park is Superbadly whacked the park with an iron fist – "We pay Malaysian lots to come a day to make these places. We

can't just give them away!" – a rickety roller coaster and bushy-socked (faded) dolpins driving long the backdrops to a warped summer for June (Maeve) and June (Jones).

It's a summer that Mottola approached with fondness and such a soundtrack featuring the likes of *Velvet Revolver's* *Rock Me Amorette* we're transported to a vision of the '60s that recalls the styling of *Dennis Dutton*. Whether or not you're a child of the decade that gave us cheap pop and an actor in the White House, this movie will make a child with anyone who's done a crappy job that ended up being the best time of their life. Compared to the cold desolation of *Sexual* (Review of *Sexual* movie like the drug-fueled adaptation of *Office Space* like *Gasoline* like *Zero*,

it is, despite its overcooked Superbadness ("You gotta show me some insta!") a heart-eyed view of a young man's yearning for life away from a small town.

Ryan Reynolds turns up in an unlikely crossover as the theme park lifeguard who's a useless big fish in a small pond. He uses the boozes that he once partied with Lou Reed to scare *Madagascar's* Kristen Stewart, Jones' best friend for her in a big way, while Reynolds dishes out a lesson in love to further confuse the love-struck youth. "We're men. We're wired to meet our needs."

It's here that Mottola keeps two pines sparring. On the one hand we have *Sexual* cool comedy with big hair and snazzy one-liners – "Smoke in into a tube sock and

eat my stick cheese" – and on the other a cutout love triangle that speaks of Reynolds' broken dreams (a washed-up appearance at an amusement park clinging to youthful ambition) and Reynolds' dreams – whether to follow his heart or his hometown. Like all films that strike a chord, you'll find yourself replaying your own memories in the credits and on a comedy that flies the heart. *Then* *Blameless*.

Deficiencies. The trailer looks like more *Sexual* mayhem than the director of *Superbad*.

Beyond. To take a look. This is another testament of the visual charms of putting up signs of high-cut-and-much.

In Rehearsal. Will hear you with a smile no your best and a wide, face-tilting smile.



THE IMAGINARIUM OF DOCTOR PARNASSUS

REVIEW BY
CHRISTOPHER PLUMMER
DIRECTOR
TERRY GILLIAM



There are two moments in Terry Gilliam's latest flight of fancy that strike a savagely nostalgic chord. And they are both, surprisingly, tied to his old Heath Ledger. The first occurs inside the eponymous Parnassus looking-glass, which transports individuals to a realm where their imagination is brought fantastically to life. Perched by an oil-burner near a sonorous gong, "Oh no, oh look," in miniature funeral hours chills downstage, adorned with the images of lost memory - James Dean, Princess Di, the wistful companion calibration: "They will be young forever, now."

The second arresting moment comes as we are introduced to Tony Blair - in one of Parnassus' best-crafted scenes, a flash of lightning reveals a shadow on the Thames alighting the dove's rag tag crew to a man hanging by a noose beneath London Bridge. Mounting a rescue mission, they pull the young man to safety, administer CPR, and Tony goes back to life.

A year after his tragic and

unmerry death, Heath Ledger returns for his final bow. But can anything live up to such heightened expectations? Well, frustratingly, no.

Promising to become the most all the markings of a classic fairytale, infused with stunning visual and soundstage, not to mention a plot that dabbles in some interesting philosophical ideas, Parnassus presents a world you can enter - and one that you desperately want to believe in.

Director Terry Gilliam has long concerned the reader to look, and here he pulled out all the stops to indulge in full-blown whimsy. Dr Parnassus (Christopher Plummer) is given his will-by-line. And he has every right to be - hundreds of years ago he made a deal with the devil, Mr Nick (Tom Waits), and earned himself immortality. Now, he travels through London with his daughter Valentine (Lily Cole) and son Francy (Bérénice Bejo) and young entertainer Anton (Andrew Garfield), offering his unique ability to bring people's imaginations to

life in return for cash. But just as the mysterious Tony enters the now's a lass, so does Mr Nick - and he wants Valentine for himself.

Sadly, along with Gilliam's obsession with the animation and the visual comes his usual heresies: namely an emphasis that sacrifices substance for style. But the main problem also lies with Ledger himself. Setting aside the tragic, it's clear that the bleakest actor was cast to bring a certain rough edge to a character always half in shadow. But Ledger just doesn't fit Gilliam's larger than life world. In contrast, Johnny Depp plays the same role when Tony walks through Parnassus' mirror and adds a nastily egotistical charm that more elegantly matches the film's tones.

Alas, Ledger's sonorous Depp, Jude Law and Colin Farrell were all drafted in to play Tony when he steps through the magical looking-glass (Ledger had finished shooting all of his real world scenes). But does the glazier's world? Only just. Playing expect-

of Tony's personality from the two from attempting arrow straight impersonation, but the splitting of the role gives Parnassus an off balance feel that trips it up even as it's getting going.

So, postmen! Lily Cole is banal, an ethin beauty who more than holds her own against Christopher Plummer in some powerfully emotional scenes. And you can't fault the film's ambition, with some truly memorable cinematography lingering long after the credits (London never looked cooler ordered). Sadly, Parnassus' stopgap narrative frustrations, while much of it莫名其妙ly relies on Ledger's involvement. Still these are those moments. Just. *Waking*

Religious, *Believe* **Valentines** *Light* **Anton** *Francy* **Dee**

Blair, *London* **Princess** *Death* **Christopher** *Tom* **Wa**

Anton, *Anton* **Colin** *Farrell* **Christopher** *Dee* **Christopher** *Tom* **Wa**

THE COVE

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Each year, concealed by the mountains that line its shores, 23,000 dolphins are slaughtered in the secreted coves of the small fishing town of Taiji, Japan. It's an anomaly that has gone largely unnoticed over the years, notwithstanding the eloquence of Iwao, effem of one man.

Richard G. Barry seems like any animal activist – a consummate of mobility and tenacity. But it was G. Barry who, in the 1960s, trained the dolphins on famed TV series, *Flipper*. He is a relic of a more innocent time, when human innocence paved the way for future environmental catastrophes. It is grief and shame that drives him.

The real tragedy, however, is that G. Barry is a lone ranger – an ageing, activist desperately searching for disciples ready to

pick up where he leaves off. On this particular mission, he is assisted by an entourage of filmmakers and freedivers, but you can't help feel that most are adrenaline junkie do-gooders tagging along for the ride. Over-emphasising their special-ops-style uncovering of Taiji's dolphin hunting, their theatrics give the film a fictional feel in places, more fitting to a Hollywood thriller.

After several hostile encounters with the local fishermen and the International Whaling Commission, the enemy is clearly marked. But the Japanese people have been

given a raw deal here, an entire nation forced to carry the can for the callous actions of a minority. Director (and co-founder of the Ocean Preservation Society) Louie Psihogios' hairy finger pointing belittles his film's cause.

Nonetheless, *Requiem*'s stats and grainy archive footage help build up a convincing one-sided case. But it is the film's revelatory coda revealing that encapsulates the true power of documentary cinema. The lifeless common waters that lap the sands of the cove are amongst the most shocking, dismaying images you

are ever likely to see. "The dolphins are nature's greatest deception," G. Barry notes. It is the vulnerability of these animals in the hands of man that is made a more profound and painful truth. *Adam Woodward*

Anticipate If much-needed environmental大片? It just hit. *Requiem* (Taiji: Whalesong) is jumping **1**

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It's a repeat You just saw *Requiem* (Taiji: Whalesong) **1**



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CITY OF LONDON

SALLY POTTER: SOUND & FURY

INTERVIEW BY SOPHIE IVAN

FILMOGRAPHY SALLY POTTER

- My (1995)
- Be (2005)
- Die Like Sheep (2005)
- The Age of Reason (2012)
- Beloved (2013)
- Land of the Lost (2013) (as Sally Potter)
- The Gold Diggers (2014)

Sally Potter has a twif of Muriel about her. Not literally, let's be clear, but her films don't exactly inspire fond sibling love since her feature debut, *The Gold Diggers* in 1988, she's run the critical gauntlet, from bemoaning her ingenuity to outright disdain. In 1984, the then National Film Theatre even invited her to programme a season of films that inspired *The Gold Diggers* (no pressure, there). She didn't release her next film, *Offended*, until 1992, making poor *verage* one of second-album syndrome's few true minor irritants by comparison.

Her latest, *Age*, has already raised critical headlines since its screening at Berlin last February. It's been allowed up and kept out as a mystery-mystery-drama-industry satire but, discussing it with Potter herself, it quickly becomes clear that that wasn't exactly the film she was trying to make. "Funny enough, I've never felt that the *fish-out* world itself is the focus of the film," she explains. "It's the setting, but it's a setting you never see." Rather, it's a world that Potter describes as "feel-ever-represented" in people's consciousness that if you say "comedy, everybody knows what that looks like."

That made it ideal for what is, undeniably, a daring and original formal experiment. We never see a pathos or pathognome (a fool) throughout the whole film, which is essentially a series of side-cut monologues from the 14 cast members (a certain positivity dripping with A-listers, including Jack Palance, Jude Law, Diane Borsig, Sir Alfred, Lily Cole and John Leguizamo). There isn't as much as a prop in sight and, with nothing approaching production design, every performance was filmed in front of a green screen, with stark (and varied) backgrounds (not recommended for anyone susceptible to migraines) later edited in.

The point being? "It's what's behind that [surface], the individuals behind that – including these hidden women who rarely get a voice – that becomes the setting for a world that could equally apply to other industries but, in this case, is as much about the world of the seen and the unseen," Potter explains. "So, there's those kind of paradoxes that made it attractive as a setting, especially a setting you didn't see."

One such "hidden woman" is the Good-fearing Hispanic seamstress, Anita De Los Angeles, whose character might have prompted some of the accusations of sexism levelled at the film. "It's a bit of a paranoid noise, isn't it?" It turned out, it was her (Adriana Barraza's) real name, laughs Potter. "She's not too paranoid."

It's not just Barraza's character that carries stereotypical, though. What was Potter thinking, for instance, having Lily Cole – who's just begged off a First in her end-of-year exams at Cambridge, and consistently delivers the stereotype of the cutaway gold-doll – play a squirming 14-year-old made, whose systematic exploitation write-at-the-end-of-it? After addressing "normal issues," says Potter, "I realized that to show a model conscious, you've really got to show the real thing – it just doesn't work, showing somebody who isn't what that could be. That's point one. Point two, she's a really, really interesting performer."

Potter describes *Age* as "incredibly at ease with the weird," though it was her earlier experience she wanted to capture. "Lily's now 21, but when he first started, she was like that. When her mum sees it, she said, 'Oh, that's just how Lily was when she was 18!'" Ultimately though, *Age's* character does not conform to type. "I think what she does in her part is Louise is also about out by looking like one thing but because she's the other – She's the one, after all," Potter points out. "Who gets the last word, and gets the last kiss in her mind at the end. She, this kind of thing, vulnerable 14-year-olds is going to be the one who's the author of the future." It's a code that maps the viewer straight back to the first scene of *Offended*, her twenty-fifth-century update of Virginia Woolf's novel, in which the gender-darling title character (Barbara) is played by Tilda Swinton (in drag by her young daughter).

Such symmetry reflects the lack of self-consciousness and earnestness with which Potter seems to plunge herself into every film, as though each one is her first. Granted, it's an approach that doesn't always pay off, but she can hardly be accused of being formulaic. It's remarking.

She speaks with a whirling list of cynicism about the possibilities of digital filmmaking and distribution. (She repeatedly refers to herself as "the child" when describing her directing strategy for *Age*.) It might help answer some questions about the plausibility of *Age's* basic concept: the narrative unfolds through the characters' self-reflections to a camerawoman (Mélanie Laurent), who looks like the footage, filtered on its monitor, ends the interview.

Sticky people wouldn't keep saying (ask to have their seats on the left, if they know it's being broadcast online)? "Everyone will tell us somebody who will really listen. Most of us don't really get listened to," says Potter. "A few people have said it would never happen. I know it happens, because, first of all, when I was a child that was what people did to me. Adults unbothered themselves to me and there must have been something in my gaze, as a child, that forced it." Even if you don't buy this argument, Potter's reference to reality famecast – "the inner world of the characters unpeeling, or, from, through the lens of consciousness that we're now so far removed from as many other things – from *Big Brother* and stuff" – is harder to dispute with.

Whether it's writing a script solely in instant-potatoe (cocktail sticks) or packing the 400-year history of a Modernist literary classic into a 90-minute feature (*Offended*), Potter's invent-greatest will always work her open to accusations of pretentiousness. "Twenty-five years' practice comes in handy when dealing with them, though, as becomes clear when asked how she researched *Age's* characters: "The spontaneous fashion designer – well, I found myself observing my own behaviour when being interviewed," she says with a knowing glint in her eye. "And here I am, you're reading me to bits, and I'm having grandiose thoughts about 'my work,'" she adds, in mock highbrowness. "You know, you've just passed reading this stuff and trying to be accurate, but being invited to talk about it you want to invite a degree of ponderousness if you're not careful about it."

Read the full interview online in the week of the film's release.



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The Disney Channel logo, which is a circular emblem featuring a stylized 'C' and the word 'Disney' in a script font.

'W. B. Yeats' or 'W. B. Yeat's' is the phrase Menken's Todd McPherson replied to Leon von Tiedt's *Anteater* when it first made waves in Cannes earlier this year. But while it's a safe bet that von Tiedt was intentionally laying out a giant whoopee cushion for his critics, the name can't be sold for Solly Rosen's losses. Yet *Blago* has met with proportionate (though far less devastating) levels of critical and/or critical once it premiered in Berlin with the year.

The premise – a series of internet monologues from a host of characters (among them, a dragon, a dogged-up Jade Law, playing a slightly accelerated supermodel named Mindy) in the vein of a New York fiction-industry murder mystery, filmed by an Internet-savvy teen blogger called Michelangelo – might

sound like a terminally bad joke, or an encumbering software drama project. Unfortunately (and, in some ways, admirably), *Power* is entirely serious.

Poter has always been risk, sometimes for better (Orlando), sometimes for worse (The Man Who Cried). In this case, a bold minimalist production process—Poter had just two days with each cast member, and a crew which consisted of herself, her camera, an open mic stand, and her sound recordist—leaves nothing to Poter nor her actors so much as a fig leaf to hide behind. That means, yes, you did hear Steve Buscemi's head nod and see photographed cackled fistbumps, snicker spots a galim, though "I shoo," Not with a gun, though I know how to. (I'm these

are some bits you don't have to
watch through your fingers.

While the chandlers rarely transaction their tips, there are species of Peter's trademark well-timed performances to a wistful, As a hagiographic tolling backgroun, John Leguizamo performs with unceasing understatement, and national measure. Just Denis prep up a mind ride to wistfully cynical fiction journalist Monte Carlo. Through her *hilariously* lame delivery, Denis shows what a gift Peter's dramatic sensibility is to actors who are up to the job — mister than bet for the ego of half her costars. That'd be Julie Lau, then.

(Policy and hot items, which have paid great attention to detail when it comes to sound

design. An ever-present, privately derived ambient soundscape hums beneath the *theatrescope's* 16-camera confluence. And another that's being used simply to recruit visual or auralized themes – as we're so unashamedly accustomed to – music and sound take on a character and energy all of their own, like crystallizing in such technical cash in, as the end result of form reveals the perversity of substance. Sophie's two

Anticipations. A Study of Future-Orientation in the Face of Uncertainty. 19

Enjoyed what you get with me a few times
a little benefit seeking. 

In Rotterdam, perhaps not far from the *front line*, but always an *ideologically* complex and *territorial* issue. 



THE SOLDIER

REVIEW BY
MARK LIT时
RATED PG-13
100 MINUTES
DIRECTED BY
JOE WRIGHT



You could watch Robert Downey Jr. clean a toilet with a toothbrush and be fascinated. His personal history, combined with his on-screen chemistry means that however much time he endures coated in – and here there's both his own and a coyote's – he comes little wrong. It's true again in *The Soloist*. It's the only film a commercialisation that periodically unites.

Director Joe Wright, so impeccable and tight with *Pride & Prejudice* and *An Education*, appears to have fallen foul of the studio tap. Given the big budget and US co-production, he's compromised, losing the reins on the film with some truly dire, local, outswinging metaphysical moments: gopons flying, music soaring, an avian-grade falsetto fire, and a paper match globe.

Such flaws make you wish – hard – that you could unsee the *Soloist* from a good film into a 'great' one, as there is much of merit here. This is a superbly performed collaboration of two lonely men both coping in a Phoenix underworld. One, Gene (Downey Jr.), is an LA Times journalist – alone, dysfunctional, divorced. The other, Nathaniel Ayers (Jamie Foxx), is a hole-schizophrenic, socially disabled and, as Steve discovers, a genius or two living outside social parameters.

As Steve attempts to rescue Nathaniel's talents and start his misshelched hosting, the film provides a poignant example of middle-class pampering as an avoidance of self-examination. It's wonderful to realize that Nathaniel's life is a hard-learned lesson of self-

medication that enables him to survive mental illness, whereas it's Steve who cannot resolve his failed relationship with Catherine Keener's Mary (Kunzer and Downey Jr. forge a moving slice of modern marriage on the film's flings).

As powerful and as subtle is the knowledge that real-life occupant of Downtown LA's homeless Lamp Community, started in the film. The point isn't laboured, but it's made evident in the end credits and is enough to induce you to tears.

But on leaving, one cannot feel unambiguously Wright's major mistake in the flashback to Nathaniel's background. Moline (a move seamless and, increasingly, very middle-class patterning) it causes the film's trajectory to go limp. It is and Wright has untempered

to meet the entirety of Benjamin Blixen into proceedings.

The n-deeply frustrating as there is such dynamism here – in performance: in Wright's depiction of LA as something akin to Disney's *Toy Story*, and in his use of the orchestra as a human voice. Why he didn't ride the film back to Downey Jr's point of view is a mystery. Or perhaps a compromise he was forced to make. If that's the case, he'd do better to fly solo again in future. *Lauren Haynes*

Benjamin, Reassuring true story by Steve Lopez. Starring intro Great Brian Hoyer & director **•**

Benjamin, Spectacular and polar, the high-octane everything and the low-malfunctioning **•**

Is **Benjamin**, Shows some charm **•**

COLIN

COLIN

COLIN
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COLIN

When 50 Cent's first album came out, it was near impossible to find out anything about the man, only the same fact about the man himself repeated ad nauseam. He got shot nine times? So it is with *Colin*. The one thing we know about this film is that it was shot for \$40, but once the lights go down, the cours for nothing. The only question is whether it's any good.

For the most part, Colin answers in the negative as we watch our titular hero (Kurtis Blow) transformed into a zombie, stumbling aimlessly round town, occasionally sucking people's biggories or eating them himself. The ridiculous, all-but silent zombie is compounded by director Marc Poirier's enthusiastic use of shaky

camera whenever it comes for the zombie to feed. Too often, the audience is left clueless as to the film's composition, until a bloody cadaver reveals that yet another stranger has died a nasty death.

Around the hour mark things pick up: Colin's family and friends expect some action as we realize what it means to watch someone you love become an dead, knowing that soon you'll be like them too. We see Colin (yes, pathetically at

the window of a kitchen he's broken into) as he starts blindly at his sister struggling to abandon him forever. It's a touching scene, but too little, too late.

By this point, the meagre budget has taken its toll. Many scenes are too poorly lit to be enjoyable. Coupled with the committee-cum-work, a good 25 per cent of the film is unwatchable. That said, Colin clearly isn't as mindless as your average low-budget zombie slasher

Symbolism, allegory and tragedy are all here, but you've got to put up with a lot to get to them. It's a humor film with brains, but unfortunately most of them are eaten by the zombies. Jonathan Williams

Uninspired. Bodge-dash (1)

Requiem: How can a zombie zombie be dull? (2)

It's budgeted. Will it ever star in \$40? (3)



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DURIAN GRAY

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10



The Picture of Dorian Gray is just too juicy a temptation to leave alone, with its sexual deviance, sexual posturing and machined-on-oneness from the master of sophomores, Oscar Wilde. Matthew Bourne's 2008 ballet *Undressed* in relation appeal by transposing Dorian into a world of coke-snorting, youth obsessed fashions. Here, director Oliver Parker extrinsically renews Wilde's Victorian setting but takes the liberty of extravagantly overstating every pup left by ingesters in the original text with sex and violence. A particular highlight offers a confluence of the two as iterations of Dorian's S&M orgies are intersected with an afternoon tea service. *Can* stomach cleavage of sanguineous scenes being slashed

with *naughty* cloven hooves and very bloody, oily, strawberry preserve. It's all *o' b' tody*.

Because this is 2009, Dorian (Ben Barnes) is generously furnished with a psychological backstory of child abuse (complete with loony bookshelves to a heavily anti-) plausibly to explain his Eastern empiricism. My grandpa, Lord Kelvin, blue didn't love me so I sold my soul to the devil in exchange for eternal youth, yeah? Shucks, why didn't you just say so? As for the infamous portrait, as Dorian sits slavering in inverse proportion to the notches on his bedpost, not only do meagre-craw-out-of-the-canvas, the painting itself makes what can only be described as *another* *new*.

The 3D-printed cast and 3Ddr's

ing dialogue generally manage to make themselves heard above the overproduced din, though. Colin Firth clearly relishes his role as super-cynic and anti-corruptor Lord Henry Weston, who spans over Dorset's coast with Ben Chaplin's summy sympathetic Basil Hallward. With two fingers up to chronology the screen shifts from the 1890s to a good decade earlier after Wilde's death in 1900, when Weston Hall is dethroned in no play Henry's suffragette daughter and Dorina's last chance redeemer Hall, as ever lights up the screen, with a turn as the frosty, wacky nothred, mischievous larvae to love instanta. If you're struggling to envisage it, just close your eyes and think of sex film it's also been made.

Albert Lewin's 1945 adaptation made a virtue of understatement, allowing Doris's disease to carry up the viewer like a cold shiver, lessening the odd flash of colour photography to accent the spectacle of the degenerating patient. Rather than his vision like a bad photo, after one too many Hambos, he has been left loose with a bumper pack of water ripples. Sensitive hand

anticipation, it's hard not to get excited about any re-enactment of such a iconic like a night in a film.

Delayed-Entry Off-Ramps: traffic which is not
detected in the previous stage. (2) 

In retrospect, did we manage to be directed by the guy who made it? *It's kind of* 

MORRIS: A LIFE WITH BELLS ON



Danvers Thrust (Charles Thomas O'hearn) is a world-renowned avante-garde dancer on a mission to modernise this much maligned art. In doing so, he annoys The Morris Cycle – the strident governing body of morris-dancing in England. This participates a tragedy that strains them personally all of which is chronicled by a film crew making a documentary.

I find I think that the combination of documentary filmmaking and a rite-for-a-rent style of dance that encourages its participants to drink gallons of cider and dress up the demented, Celtic peers would make for a hilarious experience.



*After about 10 minutes it's clear that this is not the case. *Morris: A Life With Bells On* is funny, witty, the reverent, sacrificial or any other adjective in the English vocabulary capable of stopping anyone slipping into a hectoring-missioned come*

As well as being on the comedy front, it is a treat cinematically too, without a single moment that even remotely resembles a

genuine documentary. It is all too neatly edited, although its formless, Adrian Mitchell as the mock dad's producer could easily be remixed for someone hanging around the set asking naive questions as opposed to a professional actor.

*The idea is a good one, but the execution leaves so much to be desired that, unfortunately, *Morris: A Life With Bells On* will*

*no doubt be relegated to the basement bin of coulda-woulda-shoulda-been British comedies that just don't work. **Liamane Bell***

Adaptation Not another modernity **0**

Biography Not even a comedy **0**

Is It Refreshing One more un-funny British comedy to add to the pile **0**

THE FIRM



After the middling *Outlaw*, Nick Love takes on Alan Clarke's fondly remembered 1980-horror drama *The Firm*, mercifully razing out some of the film that even Gary Oldman's career charisma couldn't cover up in the original.

The world of football cannot claim Tom (Cillian Murphy) who is ensnared with the same belligerent and resentful spirit of West Ham's Inter-City Flora boys.

Brooding around an East London estate whose community spirit is decaying in Thatcher's brave new world of individual endeavour, Tom finds himself outgrowing his childhood mates. Starting for Firm leader Dick (Paul Anderson) attention, he embarks on a course of isolation and self-revulsion that yields

ethically gristle and horatronic entertainers in equal measure.

The bare narrative, involving a vendetta between Tom and Miliband-daddy Vic (Daniel Mays), is enough to rouse some emotionally conflicted sense of sixteen-year-ops. But it's the style and tone of Love's film that is memorable. The original film, checked on an overload of leather trenchcoats, chinos and Dick Head Plus, bleak and edgy, adds an air of the macabre, as the film becomes

of labels that fuelled the cannibal is reinstated at the heart of the action. While the soundtrack, declining to show on urban engls, reflects the aspirational goal-housie spirit that was the byword of this violent and narcissistic Mestizo.

The Firm is hardly calculated to convert those who find Love's work brash, clichéd and empty, but there's a good dollop of warmth and humour here. And if, as in The Business, the social comment

*is a little here there, it's distinguished with a stylish honesty of intention. **Paul Farnsworth***

Adaptations How many times can Nick Love say that his manager isn't? And where the hell is Jimmy Page? **0**

Biography Virtue knots, optimism whilst the typical coming-of-age experience **0**

Is It Refreshing Not as dumb as it sounds, but there's something new for the day to go **0**



INSIDE THE HURT LOCKER: DIRECTOR KATHRYN BIGELOW AND WRITER MARK BOAL DISH THE INSIDE TRACK ON THEIR IRAQ WAR DRAMA. INTERVIEW BY KINGSLEY MARSHALL

FILMOGRAPHY KATHRYN BIGELOW

The Hunt for Red October (1990)
A.I. The Intelligent (2001)
The Weight of Water (2009)
Strange Days (1995)
Point Break (1991)
One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest (1975)
One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest (1975)

Kathryn Bigelow's first feature since *A.I.: The Intelligent* finds her collaborating with Mark Boal, whose screenplay for *The Hurt Locker* originated from *The Men in the Arena* (a *Newsweek* first published in 2005, and based upon Boal's experiences as a reporter embedded with a bomb disposal team in Bagdad). Set in a secret location in Jordan, with multiple cameras leading us into the – almost documentary – field, the action is entirely secondary to the visceral experiences of the characters as they are employed in the most dangerous of occupations.

"I had a desire to be more topical," explains Bigelow. "A.I. came from *Point Break*, courtesy of *Gladiator* and, for me, *The Hurt Locker* was the opportunity to extend realism a step within the medium and push film to be relevant, as opposed to sentimental. I'd pursued a number of magazine articles before I was introduced to Mark's work, and was intensely interested when he told me that he was going off on a journalistic mission to Bagdad with the bomb squad."

"Though the route from journalist to screenwriter is traditionally borne with a lot of pain and frustration, I've been incredibly lucky," adds Boal, laughing. "I haven't had a lot of easier routes in this these days, and I've never fully understood why those kinds of movies aren't made anymore. Obviously I believed there was an opening there, and I was never enough at the time to be satisfied about the value of imparting some of the details of journalism into this. It was definitely worth an experiment, and has turned into something of an adventure."

"Mark's script carefully distilled the reader's orientation in any given bomb disposal engagement," says Bigelow. "Not only does the story try to humanize that event, but also it always clarity as to how important geography is in the process and protocol of bomb disposal. It had to be very clear where the bombs took rest in relation to the bomb itself, the 100 metres, 75 metres and 60 metres before they reached the point of no return – the kill zone. To achieve that, we needed a very dangerous camera, and it was important to be able to shoot both night and video; light in order to capture the emotion, and wide to make sure that the audience had a fundamental understanding of what was going on in any given environment."

"On the page, stories such as the longer fight need not only in real time, but offered a highly refined examination of that kind of event," Boal adds. "The degree of specificity in the script was both exciting and inspiring and I really wanted to protect that aspect. In my story treatment of the voice, I made sure that the beats were there, and that the silence was as equally encouraging as the surprise of each moment of the engagement. Mark and I had discussed quite early on how we had wanted it to be a movie built by sound design, rather than score, and allow the sound to complete the image

"We had an incredible sound recordist, Ray Beckett, who usually stayed on location hours after the crew had left and would come back with tracks upon tracks upon masses, and we also benefited from having Paul Tibbott on the crew. He's an extraordinary sound designer, probably best known for his work on the *Spider-Man* series, but who had also happened to have worked as a sniper in the Baghdad military years earlier, which helped bring another layer of credibility to his contribution to the film. Because the repetitive nature of music can often serve to please tension, when I approached the composers, Marco Beltrami and Stock Saarinen, I issued them a task on blurring the distinction between the score and other sounds within the film. Now that worked well that the sound designer passed on various tracks – the roar of war, a helicopter, say, or the sound of gun or wind – which would be incorporated into the score by the composer, who would then reciprocate with their own sonic texture."

On the subject of the film's independence from the main Hollywood studio, Bigelow says: "The independent financing was absolutely critical to many of these decisions, and I don't think we could have made the film under any other circumstances. Generally we couldn't have had it in America, as I really imagined a studio considering that problematic, but it absolutely was a win-win scenario for a filmmaker in terms of autonomy."

"The price you pay for that is an inspired by modest budget, but the upside is one of patient, resilience and trust; we had complete creative control, final cut and the opportunity to cast brilliant talent. For example, rather than I had anticipated that there would be alone to a million Iraqi refugees living in Amman at the time of filming, some of whom were actors, but we were able to immediately find them into the shoot. The result was that all of the speaking parts were played by Iraqis, as were most of the background scenes, and the man who plays the suicide bomber at the end is a Hollywood stage actor in *Baghdad*."

"That created a stage-list people to be maligned, I think," suggests Boal. "James [Franco] has talked about how, at a certain point, it didn't feel as though he was acting at all, but reading. After all, he may have been playing a white guy in the Middle East but, whether he was an actor or not, when he stopped acting he was still a white guy in the Middle East, revealing himself a strand of people who didn't speak his language, and with a cultural gap that is hard to bridge. It's hard to quantify, but it certainly felt like an adventure in interesting – a little like going up Mount Pississippi."

"Or *Apocalypse Now*," adds Bigelow.

[Read the full interview online now.](http://www.ew.com/reviews/online.html)



THE HURT LOCKER

DIRECTED BY
Kathryn Bigelow
CINEMATOGRAPHY
by Roger Deakins

REVIEWED
by



American adventurism in the Middle East has inspired plenty of movies over the last decade, but Kathryn Bigelow's first feature since 2002's *Eliz. II*, *The Hurt Locker* is much closer in style and tone to the war portrayed in Generation Kill than that of *Jarhead* or *The War Zone*.

In part, this may be due to its source material – the film having originated from the pen of an embedded reporter, the screenwriter and some-time journalist Mark Boal. As such, the script maintains a subtlety that often fails in the way of combat or *Armageddon* to the action.

Instead, the film focuses its attention upon the occupants of The Hurt Locker, a three-man bomb disposal team consisting of Sergeant Semper (Anthony Mackie) and Specialist Kildare (Brian Geraghty) – both of whom

are in the final, grueling weeks of a year-long deployment in Iraq – and new member Staff Sergeant James Jeremy Renner, who has joined the outfit following the unfortunate departure of his predecessor.

Jones doesn't get along with the other men, their ambition to get home in one piece at the end of the tour unbalanced by his boldness. He is a wild man who acts out his will by destroying the use of a remote-controlled robot in favour of detonating the explosive bomb that allows him to get up close and personal with the IEDs and unexploded ordinance that pepper the maimed landscape of Baghdad.

The relationship between these men provides the driving force of the narrative. Other troops are shown fleetingly, and officers appear only occasionally; their

inability to inspire the men under their command light years from the jaunty leadership of Robert De Niro's cavalry officer in *Apocalypse Now*.

Even the enemies are discreet, save not for the fact that citizens resulting an occupying force, trying so earnestly on their identities, invent. A sequence in which a potential insurgent makes a peace with James, having suddenly become a non-combatant by dropping the phone with which he had intended to trigger the now-defused bomb outside of his building, is indicative of the film's complexity.

The action itself is episodic, with every ounce of tension elicited from some startling set pieces where, fingering their accoutrements like black cinematography and stripped down sound design to draw

the maximum fear and hopelessness from this hellish earth.

The central performances are superb; in the film's development, Jeremy Renner is the standout, though the supporting cast are well deployed. A scene involving an Iraqi team of bomb disposal officers offers a wry comment about the futility of modern combat and the political circus which has led a superpower to deploy mercenaries to do its dirty work amongst the same carnage and misery kind of a war zone. *Kangaroo Manball*.

Adaptation. Sadly it can't make Generation Kill. 1

Keywords. Well-posed action sequences will have you at the edge of your seat. 1

In *Armageddon*, a commercially status quo is established. 1



DISTRICT 13 – ULTIMATUM

Watched and
judged by
GREGORY RICHARDSON



Two reviewers head to the pub to discuss this action sequel.

J: We reviewed the original *District 13* back in issue 100, now we're here four years later reviewing the sequel. A: And both the leads look exactly the same as they did in the first film. David Belle's hair was identical. J: There's the same heart-pounding passion as the first film – a focus on the rational character of French starring through.

A: It is very French, almost like a propaganda film, but at the same time, it is a very simple action film with a very enjoyable storyline. An ex-special forces policeman and a fire-fighting roofer of *District 13* team up to take down a corrupt organisation and save the community.

J: Like the original, it's great fun. David Belle's physique in the first film was very impressive, but in this film not so mind-blowing. I think maybe

we've seen too much fire-fighting in cinema recently – everyone from Brad Pitt to Bourne has had it. Belle had an opportunity to act the bar even higher, but he didn't deliver. A: In the first film it's fine, but this film didn't measure up.

J: But Cyril Raffaelli as the fighting supervisor was absolutely fantastic. I couldn't wait for him to get back on screen – he is a real action star. A: He does have a certain magnetism. Even with the cheap lines, he made them plausible. He's as athletic as Jackie Chan or Jet Li, but with an extra brutality.

J: He is not in the league of Tony Jaa though.

A: He reminded me of Jason Bourne in terms of efficiency, but Bourne was better. However, Raffaelli was the making of the film. It whizzed along at a good pace and left the action scenes dramatic. I massively enjoyed it.

J: The opening sequence was great,

and they play a really good trick on the audience, which reminded me that Luc Besson can deliver clever set pieces when he wants to. With the different gang-cowboys together there was a definite allusion to *The Warriors* too. Like *The Warriors* these gangs were very much linked to the politics of the film.

A: The intent, again, however, message was very clear.

J: You've got all the French people standing up against someone, but there was also a very obvious correlation with contemporary events, namely Iraq. There's a very shady company at the heart of the film called Horribilis, which is making a lot of films at the moment, doesn't fit in with budget special effects. I think if you enjoyed the first one and enjoyed the ride, then this is as good. The pace, not quite as good, but this maintains the same level of fun as the first film. I'd give it a **★★★**

times. It just came across as a cheap and relentless pop at a faceless corporation, that's been done before.

A: And if he's got a political drive to here, why is he doing it in this type of action movie?

J: We talk a lot about simple films that are just pure entertainment, you don't have to think that much, and that's fine, but the key is to be to just get the basics right. Don't run a lot of good work with the dialogue or gaping plot holes.

A: Very true, don't screw up the plot, don't fill your film with shiny shiny-cams, which is making a lot of films at the moment, don't fit in with budget special effects. I think if you enjoyed the first one and enjoyed the ride, then this is as good. The pace, not quite as good, but this maintains the same level of fun as the first film. I'd give it a **★★★**

JULIE & JULIA

REVIEW
MOVIE

MOVIE
REVIEW

It's a hard sell, but here goes... Nina Spivack's joint biography of the new champion of French food in America, Julia Child (Meryl Streep), and the neophyte blogger who taught Child a recipe to reinvent her life... Julie Powell (Amy Adams), a... Anyone still reading? On paper, it's serious to send anyone running for the exits, but *Julie & Julia* does have a certain charm.

Illusion and passion: of a voice like a passed sponge... Child lured her way into the hearts of Americans by introducing them to the joys of history French-delicious. Powell is the modern New Yorker who decided to cook all 524 recipes



Bonni Child's *Mastering the Art of French Cooking* in a single year, blogging all the while.

Apparently, they're two kindred spirits united by their love of good food and doting husbands. But Spivack's focus is clearly with the older character: Powell reluctantly recounts her woes to her legacy, and we meet a bland boyfriend. Conversely, Child comes across as loopy but sharp, seeking intellectual stimulation rather than advice in

her cooking. And with Stanley Black as her spouse, her story is also touchingly romantic: after years of marriage, these two clearly still have the horn for each other.

Child is a tiny alone-wanderer: sustain a film, but stretched out to two hours with Powell's rambling (it ends... it's too Bobby). As for the food: it's not flabby enough — failing to reach the dizzying food-porn heights of *Julie & Julia's* Frost or Big Drink (Matt Damon). *Julie & Julia*

falls short of its potential as an insightful romantic comedy and an exploration of food lust, relying on Streep to carry the film with a witty name. Laura Biagiotti

Adaptation: Despite getting the big names, Spivack's a bit off her top. D

Requiem: Spivack takes Adams out of the water and lets her come up for air. D

Is It Rotten? Not, but seriously annoying. D

PONTYPOOL

REVIEW
MOVIE

MOVIE
REVIEW

Whether kind, adored (Controll, Hobson) or local statement of irony (Gable), low-budget genre films often stand and fall on the strength of their titles. *Pontypool* sounds like a gang broussard — think *Twin Peaks*, but shit — though anyone expecting to see Kryz Bautista getting into hilarious scrapes after filling the local mobster's dug-in for a surprise

We begin with sound waves crackling across the screen, an disgraced local DJ Garry Macrae (Stephen McHattie) intones moribund about a missing cat in his rambling basement. Then we meet him, an aging, semi-alcoholic cowboy of the airwaves, driving to the radio station in a Canadian backwater through the down snow. He phone rings. He stops to answer. A distressed woman appears out of nowhere, revealing something he can't quite catch them disappear back into the darkness. Something's seriously very wrong.

Something's also very right.



though. In every other (or want of) a better world, *homie*, this ever again, McHattie would be reaching for his phone when — BAM! — car backfires. But writer Tony Iaia and director Bruce McDonald are content to let the chills creep up on us. So when increasingly frantic reports of a zombie-like infection interrupt, McHattie's shows the tension mounts organically, even though the film barely leaves the station or introduces us to anyone other than McHattie's producer, Sydney (Lisa Hoyle), and sustainer, Laura Ann (Georgina Reilly).

Appropriately for a catastrophic piece that foregrounds sound, *Pontypool* has also been released, in edited form, as a radio play. Thoroughly jingles resembling John Carpenter's many synth scores battle with perky poker announcements, the incautious snare, the skipping records, and Claude François's searing piano soundtrack offer a masterpiece in managing immersion. You can almost switch your eye shut. And judging by the dodgy (but sprightly) make-up masking the convolution, but etc., perhaps you should. It's no

clue-breaker, though.

This is an impressive film built on inference and uninterrupted suspense rather than cheap shock jock tactics. Just the question remains: why the hell didn't they call it *Dead Air*? *Very Gross*

Adaptation: Is it a Welsh term? *Bonh* rhymes. D

Requiem: It's a Canadian term and it's pretty cool, really. D

Is It Rotten? It's qualified in that while you eat fish. D

PARK CHAN-WOOK: DARK STAR

INTERVIEW BY JONATHAN CROCKER

FILMOGRAPHY PARK CHAN-WOOK

Shiri (2005)
Requiem for a Nun (2005)
Oldboy (2003)
The Chaser (2004)
Kill Me, Kill Me Not (2002)
36 Last Days (2000)

Korean director Park Chan-wook made his debut with the action thriller *Joint Security Area* in 2000. Set on the border between North and South Korea, and marrying dark visual flourishes with punchy narrative combat, it set the tone for a career that has gone from strength to strength ever since. Park really took off in 2003, when *Sympathy For Mr. Vengeance* won the crest of the Korean New Wave to festival success around the world. Its spiritual sequel, *Oldboy*, caught the attention of Cannes' jury president Quentin Tarantino, leading to a Grand Prize at the 2004 festival. A paleo-blade tale of revenge and revenge, *Oldboy* saw Park at his very best: exhilaratingly inventive, cinematically daring and aesthetically vital. After the trilogy was concluded with *Lady Vengeance* in 2006, Park was free to explore the limits of his imagination, which brought him to the story of a Catholic priest infected with vampirism, as the director himself explores.

UWList: When did you first have the idea for the film?

Park: It just came to me and I jotted it down. In one day I thought of two sequences. The first one turned out to be the hardest scene to shoot, and the scene I'm most proud of is the birthday cake scene where *The Devil* [Kim Dong-yeon] is turned into a vampire. It was the longest scene I shot and the actors were completely emotionally exhausted. And I think it's the most beautifully realised scene is the whale scene. The other scene was how Sung-hyun [played by Korean sagester Song Kang-ho] was turned into a vampire at the beginning. It'd been developing this idea in my mind ever since.

UWList: Would you call it a comedy?

Park: When I read my first outline of the film, I didn't think it would turn out like this. I thought I would give the audience a film where they wouldn't be able to laugh even for one second. It would be the most serious, most dark and most heavy film I'd ever done. That's what I thought at the start. Funny enough, it turned out to be the most comic film I've made so far. How this happened has become a bit of a secret to me as well. During the pleasure of getting to my age – because 10 years have passed since I had the idea for *Thirst* – I probably came to think of humour as a more important aspect of life. Not because I've become happier in my life, but more that every person's life, depending on how you look at it, can appear very-odd. So I've come to take a more tragic outlook on the human condition.

UWList: Why do you say that?

Park: Why have I embraced this kind of tragedy? It just took time to realise that in order to make your film more tragic, you must provide a sense of humour instead of trying to make it more heavy or more serious or more dark. I think it took 10 years for me to realise that. Immediately following the laughter in this film is a sense of guiltiness, an apologetic feeling. So if it's not just a simple comedy, there's more to it than that.

UWList: How did you try to make *Thirst* different from other vampire stories?

Park: The biggest difference between all these other vampire works of the past and my film probably is that I didn't use vampires as a metaphor. Rather, in looking at it, *Thirst* is great and how he becomes a vampire. It's a more realistic approach. So I avoided as many of the clichés that had been attached to previous notions of vampires. The priesthood is an accusation and vampires itself is a disease. Approaching it this way, there was no room for clichés, which would have made the film slightly more ridiculous.

UWList: Were you influenced at all by other vampire mythologies?

Park: Actually, I consciously tried to avoid being influenced by vampire-related images from the text found in different works of art. I wasn't interested exactly because it happened such a long time ago, but the biggest shock I got having watched a vampire film was *Abe Fenneman's The Addiction*. You went back and had a look at that film, you might find some links between *The Addiction* and *Thirst*, perhaps. I'm not sure.

UWList: Anything else?

Park: Other influences are *Grindberg's* film, although they're not vampire films per se. And also Ingmar Bergman's *Finer* – the desire for redemption – he probably had an influence on me. And finally, though a film by Bergman which is called *Thirst*. I haven't had a chance to watch it yet, but it's bit of a coincidence. But the biggest influence I think probably has to come from a Korean director called Kim Ki-young and his film called *Des Haussard*. He didn't intend to take elements from that film but when you look at *Thirst* and *Des Haussard*, you can probably see a lot of influence there. Particularly in the way that they're both very claustrophobic during the scenes in the house.

UWList: Did you consciously want to link Christianity to vampirism?

Park: It's not that I didn't want to accept those kinds of interpretations made by the audience or critics but, as probably with a number of other directors, I didn't really approach the film by saying I was setting off to make a parallel between religion and vampirism. These elements have been drawn in purely because I wanted to express these characters' emotions and their psyche and to increase the drama. When you look at this character of a priest, he drinks blood every day in mass. And this blood has been spilled by Christ. It's very symbolic. And the blood has been spilled for the redemption of mankind. But in his real-world identity as a vampire, it's not for the redemption of humanity but for himself, for his own needs. He has to take blood from other people, not just in the form of wine, but blood itself. So for a very deeply religious person like a priest, this scene is a big shock and the bewilderment essentially haunts him. You can't really imagine how big that would be for a person like that. He now has to wonder why God's plans are moving in the way. Why did he have to be the one who becomes a vampire? Because now he has to take the lives of others for his own life.



THIRST

REVIEW BY
JONATHAN COOPER

CLASSIC



Vampires mythology follows the same pulsing tems. Mysterious, angry stranger with a taste for blood falls madly in love with a timid, beautiful girl and must fight his urges to drag her into his deadly world. *Twilight*, *True Blood* and *Let The Right One In* proved that the bloodsucker needn't undead and looking on severs, the motives for all is flesh. Oldboy director Park Chan-wook's vampire romance leaves more jagged teeth marks than any of them.

Known superhero Sung Kang (he most recently seen in *The Good, The Bad And The Weird*) provides a classic Park protagonist: a man losing his mind and his test. Goopy (why doesn't *Ikjisa* off the action as Sungja pure-hearted priest dies of

a only skin disorder after a failed medical experiment – only to be born again as a vampire with a healing touch thanks to an infected blood transfusion.

As he transforms, so does Sung, shifting jolts between his-handsome form, sexual shenanigans and schizoid eroticism. As park becomes paranoid, our anti-hero begins a battle of morality, monsters and – most of all – the hot throbs of doomed love in the shape of someone he's never seen (Kim Ok-yeo), who turns out to have an even blander taste for blood than he does.

Red blood and black humour start here in *Thirst* review. It's to be one of the most deliciously skewed incisions into the vampire

romantic subgenre. In fact, Park's personality is too much for the movie to handle. Three days on my too long (or tedious) 133 minutes and I spin out of control in an uncontrolled

It follows wildly between blaxploitation and Gothic tragedy, before returning things for a fantastic final half hour of deadly pinups. Park's eye for killer visual style is there, making out in a scene of colour-coordinated carnage in a white-walled apartment. But missing every scene, it's his priming, intense wit that makes the movie such a delicious feast, featuring sex (bestial and otherwise), dates, skipping (through a crowd) and violence (your confronta-

tion that who big time is former beauty queen Kim Ok-yeo, who gives a final, sly, delicious performance that proves a feminist match for Sung, as they prove from love to hate and back again. "Monogamy we either then thought," she decides. Merkakki she's not talking about Robert Pattinson. Jonathan Cooper

Atmosphere I almost didn't see the firehouse being invaded. There will be blood.

Equipment Brilliant and army through. Acting is sparse.

Inflatable To get problems, sure. But once again, Park delivers something dark, sexy and original.

WHITE LIGHTNING

Directed by Edward Hogg
Written by Alan Parker
1987 (UK) 125 mins



"My life's been a joke, a party and a tragedy," opens Jesus White (Edward Hogg), the drug-addicted, nimble-fisted nimrod in this blindingly painful fusion of tragic and delirious fantasy-gone-wrong. Preceding with the kind of counterculture rousing usually reserved for the likes of Dolly Parton, Jesus recounts his youth spent in the trailer roads of Appalachia. The wayward son of itinerant dancer D-Ray White (Marcia Wallace), Jesus's drug-muddling took flight on the coop of puberty, when his lighter fluid bottle resulted in incarceration at a reform school that did anything but.

You can quickly well see the blight of Appalachia—a place not so much pastured as grazed with the iconography of rough living and white trash decadence. Inspired by the real life story of Jesus "The Dancing Outlaw" White (the White half-brother to the

(the addiction, the dancing) but also something else. Something drawn up out of a dark place of fire and brimstone. In the exuberant world of Todd Haynes' *Far From Heaven*, "White Lightning" is obsessed with mood and the possibilities of character line from smile through lit a Wikipedia version of a life finely edited by road runs.

So as the film leaves behind Jesus's teenage years, it also loses loss of the facts. From reform school, a teenage Jesus finds himself institutionalised at the Bennett State Hospital, where he stays for another decade. And it's here that we first meet Ed Hogg. Wide-eyed and naive, he's the overchild of Jesus (Lena and David) (Lena an once rascal and antagonist, then basking over with a self-sabotaging love that amounts to shades of hell).

It's a blinding performance from a one-time *Heartbreak Hotel* singing cameo. Jesus is damaged,

despoiled mind. Hogg goes to deep, dark places—before finding a pitch perfect humanus aude. "Don't fuck with each other, boy-ed!" he howls at lower Edie (in towering Carrie Fisher, most clever in hand. Then, represented like his family he roundly remonstrates, "She's a妓女 with math effin' boy-ed!"

Former documentary and short film director Dominic Murphy clearly revels in upping the ante for his feature debut. Bleaching colour from the screen, issuing just the faintest memory of hue, Murphy confidently presents his vessels in nightmarish extremes of Jesus's warped inner mind. Blackout. Before, over processed message and distorted imagery are all paired with a soundtrack that gradually becomes more and more erratic, sharing Jesus's horrific descent into insanity.

"There's a time when you're lost in your own head for too long

that y'all have the privilege to go insane," Jesus cheerfully remembers. And, as the halfway mark, *White Lightning* Readily follows Jesus into his lonely, entering a profound dreamlike state that cultivates a contentious spirit of release.

Surging with blighted fervour and overripe with religious wash, the odd, elemental imagery generates something truly disturbing. Within its strange religious overtones and inevitably fatal conclusion, *White Lightning* is elusive and bleak, last magnetic flickering. *Josh Winnung*

Trailer trailer.com **White Lightning** (1987) 125 mins

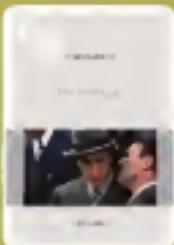
Bigman French brilliantly excite and effervescently unsettling. **●**

Is It Happening? Farcical performances and a crazy race of stem-race bait us to watch Pure lightning in a bottle. **●**



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RAMIN Bahrani: Hello/Goodbye

INTERVIEW BY JAMES B EVANS

FILMOGRAPHY RAMIN Bahrani

Before I Know It
Daylight
The Pursuit of Happyness

We inhabit a cultural world where cinematic aesthetes accuse just about everyone as 'the next big thing'. Often these judgments are based upon little more than facile re-imaginings of cinematic concepts: elliptical narrative, dizzying camerawork, speedy edits and intermedial references – all wrapped up inside a relentless well-crafted of sound. So it's a great pleasure to concentrate attention on the American director Ramin Bahrani, who has made his reputation with profound and graceful films blessedly free of any of the adjectives mentioned above.

He has already garnered critical attention with his three feature-length films, 2006's *After the Frost*, *Chop Shop* in 2007 and now *Goodbye, Darkness*, which has won a string of prizes and nominations from global film festivals and, unusually for a director so fresh and relatively young – he's just 34 – he has already been the subject of four career retrospectives at venues including MoMA in New York. And he's not only doing something right, he's doing it his own way – all of his films have been written or co-written, directed, produced and edited by Bahrani himself.

In London, we caught him in an upbeat mood with plenty of interesting things to say, starting with the assessment of his career: 'I want my films to be open to an audience. I don't want to make films for myself. I don't want to make films just for cinephiles. "Entertaining" can also mean being engaged and being moved and so tell something and think something and I really want to know what happens next. What's wrong with that? Unfortunately I am one of my favorite writers, who can not read chess and checkers and not want to know what happens next. I don't think journalists should be nervous to tell me that my films are commercial, they should be excited to tell me that.'

He is in a contemplation of the literary, the visual and the apprehensible, alongside the quiet humanity of his vision, that characterizes Bahrani's work. Bahrani's observation that man is born free but is everywhere in shelter would be appropriate to describe the initial, meagre defeats and victories that he protagonist faces. Bahrani obviously enjoys storytelling, and not just in the writing but in the acting itself, or the unfolding – audience are seated, humoured, revisited and made curious.

'The film is structured very dramatically in terms of the struggle of the main characters of Bells and of Williams,' he says of his latest effort. 'I was really trying to push drama into physical and dramatic storytelling in ways that I hope will engage a larger audience. That kind of dramatic wrestling and the synergies of characters and the relationship between characters is actually how, I find, people really interact and connect with other people and with themselves and with the word. And once you start getting into the word, well, then you start getting into the poetry at the end of the film and metaphysical issues and things like that.'

His films, while certainly entertaining, might fairly be considered as closely focused meditations on the human condition, and it is in this respect that the shadow of Camus and the acceptance of our existential baseline over them. *After the Frost* is, in part, an urban reworking of the myth

of Sisyphus. 'Title it that if the box of death there is also life,' he explains. 'This paradox is important to thinking about the world or about life, which is that life and death are together at the same time and that death isn't the end. I think that people are horribly important or are the decisions that people make.'

'That Sisyphus ends up helping his friend carry out his plan – which is the opposite of what he's been trying to do the entire film – is of paramount importance,' he continues. 'And I think the film is 3D because of landscape, by which I mean that people are absolutely involved when it comes to the landscape, when it comes to the world that was here before us and will be here after us. We are frightened by the fact of our insignificance. But paradoxically, we are, at the exact same time, absolutely significant and we must be conscious of our decisions and how we behave towards one another. I mean, how do we live our creativity? How do you be a friend? How do you love someone even when it hurts you?'

These big, profound ideas are exquisitely embedded into the small (in the best sense of the word) film, and are aided enormously by the understated and understanding performances of the two lead actors, *Goodbye, Darkness* by Seuon Kim and Red薇特. The former is a trained but non-professional actor, and the latter is a 73-year-old character actor and former *East Memphis Mafia* member in his first leading role.

Another contributing factor to the success of the film is the strong sense of location, about which the director comments, 'Speaking here in real locations, interacting with characters from these locations, I think that's very important. All my films are specific to location and to people who actually exist there, and how I think they behave, and how they talk and will and look and act and move.'

'I like classical storytelling and classical cinematography because you can get to the fundamental of how you like to have an audience engaged,' he continues. 'I'm not so fond of reading the camera around a lot, or cool music. My cameraman, Michael Giannaris, always says, "Great cinematography doesn't mean great pictures." There's a language to cinema and it should be correct for the story and it should respect that great cinematography shouldn't be confused with great art direction – just moving the camera around or having the angle sped-up/down, or super-stabilizing; these things don't necessarily mean great cinematography.'

'We've always tried to aim for simplicity and simplicity doesn't mean that it's simple. To me, simplicity passed in a story means to have you tell me you were moved by the story and not by I'm not. The film should keep you engaged and involved in the characters without all the frills, and this is actually quite hard. It means you have to focus on the storytelling, it means you have to go deeper into the characters and their relationships and work harder on the script,' to which we can only be added. Askin to this

After *Goodbye, Darkness* will be included on the [list](#) of the [Best of the Best](#).



GOODBYE SOLO

Directed by: John Sayles
Written by: John Sayles
Starring: Dennis Williams, Dennis Hopper, Dennis Cole, Fred Ward, Diane Ladd, and others
Rating: PG-13
Length: 125 mins



It's now easier to follow cinema's fineness than *Goodbye Solo* is a perfect Mercury of a movie. It is comprised of a quietly pulsing but powerful narrative engine, hundreded scenes, incisive, delicate acting and both technical and technological artistry that amounts to themselves.

Like Williams's previous film, *Men with West Coast*, *Goodbye Solo* launches into its story without credits, introducing the opening of a book. This is no accident, as Williams's film world is all about narrative drive, character development, and all things literary as well as visual.

Two men sit in a car — the client, Williams (Fred Ward), ambling with the driver, Solo (Dennis Hopper) — at Savino's, to drop him off on exactly two weeks time at Bleving Rock, a landmark local cliff-top. Bleving Rock is unique for having the wind

oftentimes blow forcefully upwards along its face. Aboriginal legend tell of natives jumping off only to be known right back.

The film was shot in Bleving's hometown of Western-Salem, North Carolina, the once proud home of the J Reynolds tobacco company — a company not unlike Williams, cast aside by the sweep of history. Over the course of a beautifully poised day, Williams and Solo form an unlikely friendship which will impact upon both of their lives.

Solo is a Senegalese cab driver working to provide a better life for his young family. Williams is a rough and world-worn man of the South, shouldering the burden of a life's worth of anger and scars. These brothers enact both sides of the coin that is the American Dream, and both men come to find that they have need of the other.

The episodic structure of

Goodbye Solo speaks more to the non-narrative, page-turning quality of Bleving's film, which keep audiences engrossed in their transitive character studies and textual subtleties. And in common with other Bleving film worlds, Solo is highly successful in his narrative use of local non-professional actors and authentic location shooting to create a rich geographic context.

But it is a *Southwestern* by Bleving, so Solo, and Red (Williams), whose low-key and basically innocent characterizations make this already special script so successful in action. And while the weight of the film rests on these two characters, Diane Ladd's adroit performance as Alex, the little girl whose precociousness of spirit informs both Williams and Solo with a sense of life's beauty and continuity.

Goodbye Solo makes it clear that although it is Williams who is the

Crusoean icon of the town, it is Solo, the African immigrant, who seems to fit in best. His charming, friendly and positive demeanor endear him to people. He's prepared to be open. He believes in the upside of the American Dream. In contrast, Williams's American Dream — if he ever had one — is terminal and coming to an end. But then, *Goodbye Solo* seems to assert that America is its imagination. They may not always have a voice, but these will always be the country's story. **James R. Eason**

Atmosphere: High time for a quiet, probably frigid and trucking film. **0**

Beyond it: A real, but good film, but this just twists. **0**

In Review: The issue of how best to adapt literature to screen is an interesting debate. It is not necessarily an easy task. **0**



BIG RIVER MAN

Presented
by James Runcie
and the
Cinematheque

Trailer



At 53, Martin Strel is a national hero in Slovenia, an overweight, hard drinking, fluorescent playing, ex-professional gambler, who died with a troubled childhood by swimming the world's biggest rivers. Or so we're told. For *Big River Man* is a pseudo-documentary where the truth is less important than the story. As a Peruvian shop captain says, after in a different context, "Number one: forget that A. Number two: forget that B. And number three: relax."

Big River Man follows Strel as he attempts his most ambitiousfeat swimming the length of the Amazon. With broken English, and a broken nose, Strel is an enigmatic and fascinating protagonist – the embodiment of a rural, regional masculinity. Adorned by his physical absurdity

to middle years Brando Strel is passage into the heart of darkness in a parallel too good to resist. And while slightly overcooked clock for the ghouls of the Hostel Biaggio, it is just energetic enough to leave you wondering how much it *real*.

Another layer of dubious fiction is provided by Strel's Sonagil of a son, Bora, whose engaging narration draws the viewer into the film's remaining artifice. Bora is shown posing as his father for a radio interview, replying a journalist with tales of machismo and penitence. "I deal with the media because I know what they want," he explains. Bora knows, too, what cinema expects.

When Bora fabricates Strel a mask to protect him from the glaring Peruvian sun, Strel becomes both John Merrick and The

Phantom of the Opera – the heart as victim. It feeds the suspicion of the Amazonian Indians who suspect him of being some form of devil. Later, Strel's grisly decoration has as the last American superhero as the summer sun in the waist gapping. No opportunity for semantic and subtextual sophistry is wasted.

The action is interrupted with commentary on humanity's impact on the environment presented frankly. The film itself will have a digital release, supposedly to reduce re-capture footprint. But in the context of Bora's showmanship, it's hard to know exactly what is genuine environmental responsibility and what is marketing fluff.

At its best, *Big River Man* is like a Werner Herzog film with a sense of humour. Strel is genuinely worthy

of his film. His feet undeniably impulsive and his mannerisms as fascinating as they are opaque. At other points it becomes Strel by Bora, in Slovenia as mired through the prism of Strel's eccentricity.

Nevertheless, for all the straight faced self mockery it somehow retains a tribute to an exceptional man. *Big River Man* gets away with its eccentricity only because it's evident that somewhere beneath its layers of irony there is a beaming human. *Janet's Blame*

Strelaphobia A much-adoed cult feature in the Slovenian middle-aged male club, this is a comic gem.

Brilliantly bantering It's like *Armageddon*.

Is it? Refreshed By funny and fascinating.

PAUL BETTANY: BOY OONE GOOD

INTERVIEW BY OAN BRIGHTMORE

SELECT FILMOGRAPHY PAUL BETTANY

Castiel (2005)
The Devil's Advocate (2001)
Wit (2004)
The Inland Detour (2006)
Monsters (2008)
Never Let Me Go (2010)
Beowulf (2007)
Beautiful Mind (2001)
Legion (2008)
Super 8 (2011)

Navigating the schedule of a Hollywood star can be like trying to gain an audience with the Pope as, other than the usual on-the-clock quiet fire round of studio recorded briefer, when the actor in question offered to call himself a chid in his own time, you know who's on to someone.

Paul Bettany is an English export we can be proud of. *Castiel No. 7* was the breakout role that got him noticed before hitting the big time starring alongside Russell Crowe in *A Beautiful Mind* and Peter Weir's epic *Masters and Commander*. Balancing the Hollywood bonfire of *The King's Speech* with more thoughtful projects like the Charles Dickens biopic *Great Expectations* is the mark of a performer with considerable range. In that quality that has enabled the former *House* regular Judd's button to avoid being pigeonholed, "it's often American actors who find themselves endlessly playing the baddie, the funny guy or the love interest because that's business. The career I've had has been about doing as many different things as I can," he says.

So what's new down with *Castiel*? "I'm a big *Devil's* fan. Like him, I'm an atheist," explains Bettany. "But I suppose it depends on your definition of God. I think there is some creative force at work in the universe but as far as the construct that somebody needs revealed in each one of us and aware of our existence, I don't think as, the religious aspect matters, and after making an action movie which was basically angels with machine guns this was a great antidote for me." He pauses.

It's an emotional journey for Devlin who pursues his quest against the backdrop of family tragedy. It was a role that the *House* star later found difficult to prepare for. "It's such a big thing, I don't think one can. As a couple, Devlin and his wife [played by Bettany's real-life spouse] Keisha Castle-Byers] suffered a huge loss with the death of their daughter, and they have chosen dramatically opposite paths to try and deal with it. But he doesn't want to let go of the role she left him."

Devlin's *The Origin of Species* will call into question the idea of an absolute creator, which is the charge that he had "killed God," *Devil's* adds, "It's in his personality. Devlin was a conservative who had a revolutionary idea. And like all conservatives he moved at a glacial speed working on an idea that was going to change the world."

Devlin met Connolly on the set of *A Beautiful Mind* but was so nervous about meeting with his wife again? "We were both worried about Connolly, but for me it was mainly because it's your wife who you can't leave home after a bad day and drag off the lead actress." Along aside, he's clearly a convinced family man who's been raised in Manhattan for the last part of his negotiations with Connolly. "You can't have a previous relationship and then not be a family. We're not just here for the work. My oldest's in theater in a New Yorker so we wouldn't want to live anywhere else. There's still a lot I miss about London but mostly it's my friends and peace on Sundays," confesses the actor.

When asked about the dangers (in focus) of being typecast as a British leading man in Hollywood, come-on-after a reportedly dispiriting experience on the set of *Wit*—Bettany notes that he's always been defiant that it wasn't happen to him. "Sometimes it's the greatest job in the world and sometimes it's just a means of making money. Especially when you're doing something that's supposed to be an atheist and you think, 'Oh, fuck it! An actor working in movies is doing well and really has nothing to complain about in life. It's such a privilege to make a living this way.'

Bettany is a literary guy. Next year sees the release of *Legion*, which previewed to an enthusiastic response at Comic-Con. It's a complete 180 from *Castiel*—a slice of action-horror from former *FE* guy Scott Derrickson that posits Bettany's Archangel Michael (using an gated petal pump as a makeshift flamethrower) against Keira Knightley's Gabriel in a holy war against impending apocalypse.

He's clearly thinking of this one. "God has turned his back on mankind and Michael hasn't, so it's the next flood. But instead of water he sends the possessed and an army of angels. So, in a little white trash drive on the edge of the Mojave Desert, the last stand of humanity happens. It's a science-fab," he quips. "Legion resounds with the flavor and attitude of a first time director getting to execute their vision on screen. I couldn't believe how expensive everything looked. There's a rough scene of an '80s Devlin" (Cameron) loses his life. For years we've had blue films or green films but this is 'Technicolor' horror action with amazing visual FX," he enthuses. "It's very Shakespearean with an interesting bunch of misfits who try to save the world together. It's wonderful because when I read the script I couldn't believe that I wasn't the baddest in it. Finally I get to be the hero flying around on wings and shooting guns!"

It's a stark contrast to his days in the Royal Shakespeare Company, as will be his next Shakespearian production, *Twelfth*, based on a graphic novel, it follows a vampire staying near the cloth. Bettany describes it as being "like Blood Hunter meets a western," where horses are replaced by jet turbine motorbikes. "You're something out of 2001."

The enthusiasm of an actor happens to begin in his own path in literature. He discusses the idea of wanting to work with someone on the strength of previous efforts, warning, "If you have a great film you're never entirely sure who made it work. The safest way to go about it is to love the script, tell the writing and then hopefully good people will be attracted to it rather than good people trying to make everything that's thrown, work. There are projects that I passed on that went on to be brilliant," he admits. "But I'm incredibly shallow as far as banished those from memory."

A *MF* retrospective will be mostly online in the week of the film's release.



CREATION

DIRECTED BY
Peter Berg
WITH
Edgar Ramírez,
Julianna Margulies,
Toby Jones

Rating
PG-13
130 mins



Charles Darwin invents different things to different people. To some he's responsible for the greatest scientific theory in history. Others blame him for the downfall of religion. Many just see him as a guy with an amazing beard.

So a film about Darwin's life is a potentially tricky proposition, as focus is divided by people's very personal opinion of the man and his work. Based on the book *Darwin's Black Box* by Behe and Keynes, *Creation* puts all these egos firmly in the healer of Darwin's personal life, examining his tense relationships with his children, friends and famously religious wife.

Paul Bettany's Darwin is a sickly man, devastated by a personal loss who spends most of his screen time cracked by despair. As always with Ilderton's characters, Darwin

is instantly engaging, if a little tedious in his inability to cope. And the feeling is furthered when he's compared to his level-headed wife, Anna (Julianna Margulies).

Derren's touches offer a plausibility wheel: *Creation* explores the repercussions of publishing his masterpiece, *The Origin Of Species*. The film misses the opportunity to delve into his sceptics, reviving the gavel, assay and oil health that plagued Darwin and almost presented his work to nothingness.

As the plot plays out through a series of flashbacks, *Creation* offers both emotional depth and a generalised explanation of the science. And while it's very much 'A BBC Film', Jon Amiel's direction deviates into psychedelic representations of Darwin's

thoughts that pop-up the narrative. The natural representation of the husband/wife dynamic also makes a welcome change from the usual smirking and glancing we've come to associate with period drama.

There is no doubt that *Creation* is an interpretation of the Darwin effect – lines such as, "You've just killed God!" (uttered by fellow scientist Thomas Huxley, played by Toby Jones) serve to hang-up rather than lay bare the real implications of his work. Therefore anyone looking to get a full Darwin retrospective should treat *Creation* as a small part of a very large whole.

For this reason, *Creation* will probably appeal more to the masses than the purists; a feel that the man himself would be unlikely to object to. And the film

is无疑是 the closest anyone could come to writing up the life of a nineteenth-century British naturalist. But with so much material to draw on it feels slightly disappointing that there is no sense of fun or wonder when the credits roll. But if the audience comes to see home and *Wilberforce* 'Charles Darwin' is a sign of anything, it's that *Creation* does enough to act you thinking. **Adam Cawte**

Adoration. A big power version of the life of Darwin. **Horror** the *Huxley* we all been waiting for. **•**

Beheated. Paul Bettany's Darvill Darvill and over-busy directorial like thrown in for no. **•**

In Retrospect. An engaging and emotional look at the man behind the beard. **•**



VINYAN

Wolfgang Becker's
drama is a
ghost story

REVIEW



The rains of *Vinyan* Du Wei's occupy an uneasy borderline that makes them difficult to pin down (and no doubt even more difficult to market). His striking, 2004, debut *Catfish*, for example, used elements familiar from *Delirious*-style surreal horror to create a mythic meditation on performance and passion. His next film, *Vinyan*, turns a bare-bones ghost story into a reverie on grief, anguish and madness.

Like *Madame Bovary* (Denis Lekk Noor, Juan Antonio Bayona's *The Orphanage*, or Lucien van Treur's *Antediluv*), *Vinyan* follows a married couple struggling to come to terms with the loss of a child. But instead of remaking so Mornie lighthouse-woodland

esque to feel their incriminatory guilt and fear, Jerome and Paul Reithmer (Kranumardia Binti and Rohes Seve) search for their son, Joshua, who vanished in the 2001 monsoon, across the Thai border in Burma. They journey into a Cambodian jungle where they themselves – and we, too – become lost (perhaps forever) to delusion and despair.

From its opening sequence of bathtubs and blood right through to the ritualized savagery of its close, *Vinyan* remains an elusive and ambiguous entity. Certainly the world in which it is set is a very real South East Asia where lives can be swept away in an instant, and where children are often neglected, exploited or

commodified. But it is also a psychological landscape, where dreams and visions mingle with the waking experience, and where everything – whether urban denizens or rural shrouded figures or the deepest, darkest jungle – takes on a disconcerting quality that reflects the raven characterizing most of man.

Thakum Gao (Pech Ouathana gral), the well-intended Thaid leader who arrives as cross-border guide to the grieving couple, tells Jerome that *vinyan* is a local word for the confused angry spirit of someone who has died a bad death and "does not know where to go or what to do." By the end, it will not be clear whether the title refers to

Anhui, his parents, or any of the other lost souls encountered on their journey – but Du Wei has crafted an eerie, intense odyssey of muted and mutual heartbreak, aided by the moodily disconcerting cinematography of Daniel Delar and some enchantingly haunting sound design. Without resorting to cheap frights or bogeymen, *Vinyan* locates its horror in the human heart of darkness. Anson Lister

Religious, *Vinyan* delves into a Christian context.

Religious, its horror and mood can also be intensely ambiguous.

In *Religious*, its *Antediluv* only man really returned (out of Burma).

THE BEACHES OF AGNÈS

MOVIE OF THE WEEK
THE BEACHES OF AGNÈS

As this documentary self-portrait lovingly reveals, life has been a beach for Agnès Varda, who is still as sprightly at 80 as the pantomime bohemian ingenue who took Cannes and then the world. By turns with her em-calling *Ciné 70mm* (5.7.6.2, in 1964).

Varda zigged back into the eroticistic consciousness with her 2000 documentary *The Gleaners And I*, in which she turned society's dross, both material and human, into a tender and vibrant meditation on ageing, kindness, cinema and memory as methods of recycling, which she explores more intimately in her new film. Here Varda recycle clips from her old movies to layer a



distilling history of post-war France: the New Wave, the revolutions of the 1960s, and her long love affair with Jean-Luc Godard and with cinema.

Beaches is a joyous film, but it also carries the sternness of responsibility to remember. Surrounded by images she made during the early days of the legendary Avignon theater festival, Varda sweeps for dead friends and collaborationists such as Philippe

Noyer, even as she appraises the images with an astringent eye.

Deep emotion and musing, maximalism intertwined here, in contrast to Céline's acerbic cool. Beaches is like a kaleidoscope turning through 50 years of cinema.

It is impossible not to open your heart to this film. Inspired by grief, contemplating old age and alive to the new possibilities of youth culture and digital cinema, Varda shows the viewer into her circle of

friends. Here among the painters, filmmakers, artists, provocateurs, performers and cast, it's a beachy place to be. **Sophie Mayer**

Agnès. Beaches promises glimpses into the life of France's first couple of film. **●**

Opposite Every dot is a slight in this profound essay on death and ageing. **●**

Is it a dog? The dog is the star of this, an odd and touching as its stuff. **●**

UP

MOVIE OF THE WEEK
UP
By Sean Penn
Reviewed by
Peter Bradshaw

In a 953m and ably eight-year-old Carl Fredricksen has a chance encounter with the laid-back and eccentric Ellie, who shows him love of adventure. Push forward and they're daring, married, living in domestic bliss, suffering a macaroon and struggling to move on before Ellie dies, all with an evocative piano chord in the background that changes pace with their lives. The first 10 minutes of Up rivals *Ilanibbi's* mother's death as one of the most effective, often moving, and unexpected moments of all time.

But just as you think Pixar has created a kitchen-sink drama into the navelplex, Carl ditch his old life, literally uprooting his house with one breath-taking saturnine



lump. Up is transformed into a comedy adventure as Carl (voiced by Edward Asner) and young wilderness explorer Russell take to the skies. Together they encounter a chocoholic bird named Kevin, flying dogs and fisted adventure Charles Muntz (Christopher Plummer) who, like all childhood idots, is not what he once seemed.

Pixar's ninth film continues its status as a grown-up studio. Up is a film that breaks all the rules - a film for children starring an old

man, one that rejects the usual angst-adultery, and one that has the courage to mix in many laugh-out loud moments with scenes of devastating poignancy.

Up is an edge-of-seat never overdoes the magic of the animation and. The launch of the house - soaring through the sky beneath multicolored balloons - is a beautifully crafted sequence, demonstrating that director Pete Docter is more than capable of hitting the heights without his

mentor Bob Persson.

Pixar may have several sequels in the pipeline but Up is yet another original, boundary-pushing story. It is not quite *Waltz*, but it will have you shouting *Squirt!* at every opportunity. **Lauren Scott**

Up. Is it a dog? Is it a thought? **●**

Opposite Pixar's laugh-and-tear is equal measure. **●**

Is it a dog? Is it a dream? Is it a life? **●**

SAM MENDES: MASTER CRAFTSMAN

INTERVIEW BY JONATHAN CROCKER

FILMOGRAPHY SAM MENDES

Barbarella (2007)
Revolutionary Road (2008)
Milk (2008)
In the Loop (2009)
Quantum of Solace (2008)

At the age of 44, Sam Mendes has cemented his place as the master craftsman of stage and screen. He was appointed artistic director of London's Old Vic theatre before his third film, *Revolutionary Road*, where he made his name with a series of classic revivals and bold new productions. Moving to America, he swept every award for his debut film, *American Beauty*, in 1999, before making a series of superlatively staged dramas. Now that he's gone indie, we decided to track him down and give him a grilling.

LW *Revolutionary Road* was always intended to be a different kind of film? **Mendes** It took me a while to realize all my films are fairly dark. But then a big thing happened to me, which was getting married and having children. That definitely meant I now started reading scripts like *Asleep With the Devil* and seeing them through the eyes of a parent.

LW *Revolutionary Road* was good about doing a short, fast indie rather than a big Hollywood movie?

Mendes I decided not to obsess about visual details. Which, frankly, I have done in the past. Obsess endlessly about my visual details. I'd spend hours having them stand on the wall behind the central character – even if they're out of focus. Or adjust a light in a window or in someone's eyes.

LW *Given That the World Is Going to Hell, Did You Feel the Need to Do Something Splitting?*

Mendes People have had things taken away from them left, right and centre. Losing their lives and their livelihoods. I think you have a duty in a very sensitive way to tell stories about how you can pick up the life and change it. Without it being sentimental rubbish. And the main purpose of that then is that I have been partly, certainly, an escapist, of going in completely the opposite direction: refusing to give an audience an easy catharsis when, probably, that's what they needed. I'm thinking of a film like *Jericho*.

LW *Revolutionary Road* was better than that, though?

Mendes I sort of lost myself in the details of the movie and forgot the overall message. To the degree that, at the premiere of the movie, I was sat there watching it and about two thirds through it thought, 'Jesus Christ, they've jumped a scene! What's happened? Someone's cut a scene out?' Then I thought, 'Yes, I cut a scene out.' I forgot that I cut it out. Well, that should not happen when you've two years working on a movie. You retain these big decisions late in the day.

LW *Revolutionary Road* is a director's cut then?

Mendes Yeah, I'd love to do a director's cut. *Jericho* opened big in the States. But it didn't hang on very long. It was huge on DVD. So there's probably an audience out there for it and I'd have to do it. If I had my show again, I would do another. It was edited by the great Walter Murch, but I also feel I was a little too respectful of Walter and I didn't hit the film hard enough myself. I was in one of his sessions. But I loved working with him.

LW *Revolutionary Road* has a director's note?

Mendes Goshberg – he said, 'Put 40 heads along the bottom of the monitor screen to remind yourself you are directing something for a big screen. And those 40 heads are the first row of the audience in the cinema.' I thought that was a really good thing to say because your instinct is to get the camera closer, because if you're a small screen

LW *Revolutionary Road* Why have you never revealed how you shot the plastic bag scene in *American Beauty*?

Mendes I'm not a fan of the dramatization of movies that's constantly going on. You see the behind-the-scenes documentary before you see the movie now. I remember Cannes Hall saying he was horrified after he shot *Brokeback Mountain* to see a documentary about the making of it in which you see Heath Ledger jump off the cliff onto a shark net. They'd spent months trying to make it look like they were jumping into a river, and then they show the bloody shark net. And I think there's a point about that. Don't show too many behind-the-scenes.

LW *Revolutionary Road* Are you happy to talk about it now?

Mendes The reality is that I shot the digital footage at 4am in the morning in LA. And the thing that was making the big movie was two enormous hairy-armed graps with lime. Who just thought I was completely insane. I was just a young filmmaker, you know? And there were people walking by thinking, 'Your guy, making a student film.'

LW *Revolutionary Road* It was thicker than that, though?

Mendes Basically, the character had shot the plastic bag with a digital camera and he'd done it in a parking lot. First off, the parking lot was wrong – the wall didn't look good. Then the bag didn't really appear in the way that I wanted it to dance. And I couldn't get it right. Then I realized it needed not just the bag, but something else moving in the frame. And so I put a load of dead leaves in. I know it sounds silly but when you see it, the bag is not the only thing dancing, it's the leaves too. They're little footloose, really. And the moment I did that and changed the colour of the wall, it worked.

LW *Revolutionary Road* What did you learn from making *American Beauty*?

Mendes I was so determined, when I sat out, not to make a filmed play. I wanted to make it as far apart from literature as possible. I've always thought that literature is not the director's medium; it's the actor's medium. I think the is a director's medium. You tell the audience where to look. There are only four frames in the whole sequence. Wendy, I've found is less interesting to be controlling as I go on. I think the danger of this style of filmmaking is that it can be very cool and very clinical. The composition of shots ride more of the mood than the performances. It's very controlled. And I was very controlling. Wes wasn't allowed to move. I told him, you look down, you reach over, you pick up his hand, wait two beats, then see him. I was that precise about it.



AWAY WE GO

Directed by Peter Chelsom
Written by Jason Zada
Starring Diane Kruger, Meryl Streep, Diane Ladd, and others
Rating: PG-13
Run time: 120 minutes



The screenwriterial debut of literary sensation Dave Karger and his wifey-copilot Vendela Vida, *Away We Go* was never going to be divisive. In fact, the script is insightful, funny and densely structured with unusual moments of genuine emotion.

Repeating their first child and finding themselves unmoored to their current home, Bert and Nancy (Diane Kruger and Meryl Streep) decide to embark on a road trip around North America in search of a way of life that suits them while rejecting alternatives along the way. In other words, it's a quest into the core of existence.

This is a film for us, apparently. We have to sit back, stop analysing our interpersonal interactions and wait until our mid-thirties to have babies.

Yet even if you happen to be a member of the demographic being celebrated, the assumption that Bert and Nancy's life choices (and by extension those of the filmmakers) represent the one true path is so hubristically arrogant, it sets the whole thing off balance. If you've ever been anxious to tickle the American Right deepest fibres, watch this. You'll soon understand.

The film asks, 'Who are the good people?' but instead of leaving the question open, a resoundingly confident answer always comes back: we are.

As the happy couple-existential tour guides they encounter numerous examples of how Not To Be: Bert's fire-spouting, self-involved parents (Jeff Daniels and Catherine O'Hara); a recently ex-colleague of Nancy's (Alyson Stoner on top form); and

her depressed husband, and LN (Maggie Gyllenhaal), a happy-go-lucky mother and childhood friend of Bert's. 'You're a terrible person,' Bert chides LN, yet all of the excellent supporting cast deliver such perfectly-pitched, hilarious and human performances that you may find yourself affectionately taking their side.

Some have called this the new Revolutionary Road because of its skewed depiction of a couple in love, and it is probably Mendes' theme background that we have to thank for the film's success at capturing the intimacy of a couple in a real relationship. The Mumblecore hit *While We're Young* did it better, but *Away We Go* is still intimately far from non-con cliché.

To the involvement of Mendes

also adds an incongruous production line sheen to a film that is so obviously desperate to be original. This wimpy-focussed film-making, sure, but it's not made from 100 per cent pure ingredients. *Away We Go* is the cinematic equivalent of In-N-Out's macarons: it agrees to tickle the tastebuds, while at the same inducing us to another consumer demographic. *Karen B. Jones*

At the box office *Wanderlust* (left) has been a massive hit in the US, but it's not clear if it will do well in the UK. *Armaggeddon* (right) is a disaster.

Armaggeddon *Wanderlust* (left) has been a massive hit in the US, but it's not clear if it will do well in the UK. *Armaggeddon* (right) is a disaster.

In Armaggeddon, it's an English watch better than you'll ever see in a film of the type. It's the most offbeat disaster.



31 NORTH 62 EAST

YANNIS
TAVOURIS

ROBERT
DE NIRO
AND
JULIA
ROBERTS

THE CRIMSON WING: MYSTERY OF THE FLAMINGOS

ROBERT
DE NIRO

ROBERT
DE NIRO
AND
JULIA
ROBERTS

Blasphemous political cinema may have lost its way in recent years, but the battle isn't over yet. From indie footsoldiers Tristan and Leontine Lorraine, this edge-political thriller places the British PM (John Rhys Davies) as the archetypal villain who pulls out an SAS team in order to secure a multi-billion pound arms deal and thus his re-election. Not to much anti-war as it is anti-government, this is a film inclined to confront the decisions made by the powers that be. The criticism, however, and as such there is no potent partnership on show. Such mercurial fence-sitting (even the mannequins' ties are neutral) means that the story stays fresh without being overly parodic. Charging headlong into battle, 31 North/62 East manages to conquer its low-budget shortcomings, emerging braised but triumphant. Adam Woodward

Displaying some of the world's stunning natural beauty while highlighting a threat of extinction, *The Crimson Wing* focuses on East Africa's pink flamingos in Deen's first theatrical nature documentary in nearly half a century. This fascinating film shows the vast flocks of pink flamingos that breed on the isolated shores of Lake Natron in northern Tanzania. Visually stunning from the outset as the shockingly pink birds clash with the clear blue sky, it directs the rare birds from the origins of their colour to mating season to a bigger and meaner bird whose hunger for newborn chicks causes a mass exodus. Even though veteran Marsha Frosting's dulcet tones can bring the sandstorms, it shows that pink flamingos don't just come in oversized cocktail glasses. Lorraine Salt



BORN IN '68

YANNIS
TAVOURIS

ROBERT
DE NIRO
AND
JULIA
ROBERTS

BUSTIN' DOWN THE DOOR

YANNIS
TAVOURIS

ROBERT
DE NIRO
AND
JULIA
ROBERTS

The protests of May 1968 offer students Catherine (Laetitia Casta), Yves (Cédric Bœuf) and Hervé (Olivier Truglia) a chance to indulge in free love. But changing times soon catch up with their naivety as a tour leaving Catherine to bring up her two children alone in a fragmented commune. By the 1990s, when the lads are exploring their own sexualities (amongst others) Oliver Dacant and Jacqueline Blumhardt struggle to close competing parallel between the protests of '68 and the fight for access to HIV drugs. More than an poignant film in itself in the spirit of sayings, Italian political drama *The Line of Youth*, which was originally made for television, there's a sense that this lengthy family saga might also be best enjoyed as an episode TV drama. Jason Mark

This documentary tells the story of a group of young, lone-happy Antipodean surfers who descended on Hawaii in the 1970s and helped take surfing from a counterculture hobby to a lucrative career. Although you'd expect cringingly media eyes from back then desperately trying to snare their names in the history books, the film avoids this indignity with engaging characters, an informative narrator and tons of awe-inspiring archive footage. The now middle-aged protagonists, including Robby Barnes and Shaun Tomson, recollect their own stories with wit and a hint of sadness, thus taking the film beyond a mere back-slapping biopic down to an enlightening education in the history of pro surfing. Ed Andrews



CHEVOLUTION

REVIEW

MOVIES
MOVIES
MOVIES

JE VEUX VOIR

REVIEW

MOVIES
MOVIES
MOVIES

This tight, energetic documentary about the iconic photograph of Che Guevara as the *Guerrillero Heroico* charts the history of an image that has taken a journey every bit as strange and fascinating as Guevara's own. Shot by Alberto Korda Diaz, the original photo features a diamond frame and Guevara wearing what looks uncannily like a Michael Jackson Thriller jacket. Left in a drawer for years before falling into the hands of a left-wing Italian publisher, it spread around the globe, popping up on posters, walls and eventually T-shirts. With contributions from Gary Adams and Gael García Bernal, this snappy film interrogates what Che's image has come to represent, and whether his unchecked use has sold out his legacy or given him a power that transcends politics and dogma. Adam Lee Davies

Visiting Beirut for the first time, French cinema icon Catherine Deneuve wants to see the destruction wrought on the region by decades of civil war and Israeli bombardments. She finds a sympathetic guide in gentle local actor Bahib Mousa. He drives her around the city and then to the village in southern Lebanon where he grew up. There are many extraordinary moments here – a montage from *Beirut* also delivered in Arabic; Israel's migratory mosh; and the futility of Mousa's search in his memory and a place of utter desolation for his grandmother's house. It is unusual to see these sort of TV news or war movies captured after the event, in beautiful HD. *Je Veux Voir* is testament to a world where aiming up a camera tripod is a provocative act of aggression. James Milk



BLIND DATING

REVIEW

MOVIES
MOVIES
MOVIES



THE AGENT

REVIEW

MOVIES
MOVIES
MOVIES

"You know what I've just realised? This is actually blind dating," exclaims Danny (Chris Pine), a 23-year-old blind man who, despite being blessed with charm, intelligence and wit, has had difficulty come between him and his need for a loving relationship. Forced to fight off the advances of a psychologist (Jane Seymour), Danny falls in love with a nameless (Anahí Agüi), a virgin staring down the barrel of an arranged marriage. Alongside pointing celibate people at penises, *Blind Dating* also manages to be an incredibly maddeningly banal movie, in which emotions are replaced by aggressive music cues to force the viewer to care for characters that are paper-thin. Made almost three years before Pine took up the hot seat of the *Starship Enterprise*, this is a cynical cash-in. Lorraine Selt

Adapted by Martin Wagner from his own play, *The Agent* is a celebration of dogged determination against all odds – both in terms of production – it was shot over 10 days for just \$20,000 – and subject matter. A battle between creative vision and corporate reality seen as a frustrated author (Stephen Kennedy) pushed to his limits by the demands of his agent (William Beck). As the story unfolds into a dark comedy of blackmail and double-cross, so the film reveals itself to be a chilling commentary on the state of modern publishing. But *The Agent* is lacking even more than face: thanks to the restraints put on director Leslie Miehle by budget and time. But as a piece of small-scale British filmmaking it is an interesting enough diversion. Nikki Milligan

CHAPTER FIVE

in which we discuss

THE MEDIUM OF FILM
IN ITS MANY

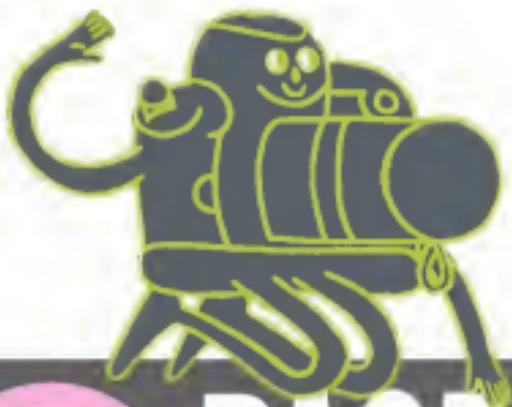
INTERMINGLING FORMS

THE BACK SECTION

25



CONFUSED BY ALL THIS
TALK OF NEW TECHNOLOGY
OPENING UP FILMMAKING
TO THE MASSES? YOU
DON'T HAVE TO BE, THANKS
TO OUR ULTIMATE GUIDE TO
INDIE FILMMAKING GEAR



THE 2 PAGE

LET'S FACE IT, IT TAKES A LONG TIME TO SPEND AT FILM SCHOOL, SO WHERE DO YOU TURN FOR A PROPER EDUCATION WHEN YOU'RE TRYING TO FIND OUT A BAG OF CINEMATOGRAPHIC TRICKS? CINEMA'S GREATEST DIRECTOR, MARTIN SCORSESE, HAS STRIPPED DOWN THE CALLS TO THE ESSENTIALS. HERE'S HOW TO GET STARTED.

WILL IT STAY STRONG AS A POUND

The suited person in every film you see is the visual recordist. Perhaps that's why whatever they do is not the director that a place entrusted is about as safe as a circuit break of dialogue: they usually get obscured with a light touch of makeup. However, such a way for the best things to happen, worry about, but it's the first thing a moviegoer notices if it's not up to scratch. So before you even reach for the camera, make sure you've invested in a makeup kit and a range of tools with a makeup master and someone who can actually handle the tools in the right direction.

But what's important really will come down to whether or not you've used a decent set of lenses. While a basic camera has the advantage of offering you a variety of shot sizes without too much effort, it also leaves your image looking flat and uniform in focus. Get yourself a decent fixed lens and suddenly you're able to set your preferred focal point draw the eye of your viewer towards the right part of the screen and give the whole composition a greater sense of depth.

The best news? The new Canon EOS Mark II is a video camera in the shape of a Digital SLR, so it doesn't require a lens adapter to take a decent picture at glass or the front. That means access to a world of top-quality still lenses as a feature of the cost of a traditional set of lenses.

WILL IT BE IN THE CLASS LEAGUE

An untrained eye can hardly register the difference between full-vision HD video and that Maxxum



WORDS BY NICK HUTCH



FILM SCHOOL

BEST PRACTICE IN LIGHTING

Anyone who's been a gaffer or even a production runner will tell you the golden rule of pre-shooting: work out the lighting concept. On a shoot day, you need to make the most of what you've got - whether that's using a reflector or fill an bounce board, or setting a set that can be shot entirely during daylight hours. It also means making sure you give your camera a fair chance of turning available light into cinematic gold. So while the rest of the world is lurking, take advantage of the time you have for that 'film school' remaindering that going down that road usually leads you has a - hope on the camera, and leaves you gambling for compensation from a decent lighting set-up. That means some

headroom, here and there, of all - money, particularly. The Canon 5D Mark II mentioned above has the low-light capability to shoot in a medium shotgun without having to break out an extra candlestick.

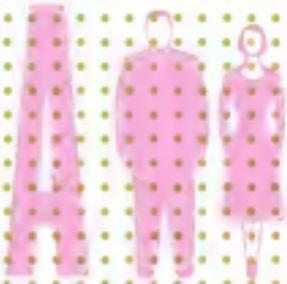
BEST PRACTICE IN GRAIN

An untrained eye, it's only half the production it could have been. So what's it? Spend 200 quid per hour (including a professional calculator plus a measly around £50). Or invest 200 of your hard-earned bucks in the Magic Bullet Cinema grading plug-in for Final Cut Pro? Sure, it does a great job, but if you want to make the difference between the two, but if you need to

turn out a 24-frame movie in 24 HD in the virtual living room, you could do a whole lot worse. More about with film could be vignetting, or that crazy six-blade bypass panel. Always worth a try, take it the knowledge that the 2400 command is never far away.



REBIRTH OF ANIMATION



DJ SPOOKY EXPLAINS WHY HE'S TAKING DOWN DW GRIFFITH'S CINEMATIC ICON AT LIVERPOOL'S AN FESTIVAL.

Illustrating America's representational monstrosities might seem like an impossible task, but DJ Spooky (real name Paul Miller) has been doing just that in recent years. You could say satellite art is just as important as a major international event (such as the 2001 attacks) that's been covered in the news. That was when DJ Spooky, and others in New Jersey, started *The Birth of a Nation*, that is to say the *Birth of a Nation* that's in existence. Drawing on the negative African-American characters of that film, he's been socially aggressive since. Spooky has created an entire film series at the A&E festival, *Rebelution*, which is a kind of *A&E*.

Meeting with DJ Spooky at a quiet place in a hotel room, his Spooky's discussion with me on his new project, *Birth*, starts as something serious, as some critical aspect of his interaction with the equally cerebral DJ at a nearby table. It's kind of like if Republicans in the US Congress (hypothetically) had to say something that wasn't a joke, like it's usually (but this is a pretty serious or related situation) but then again it's not as going with Republicans. Right now a democratic candidate is still in a race, so I asked him for opinions and political self-help. Like, which the Republicans aren't. Now a quick note: I like coffee. I like to sit in a green book of a Norma and my daughter, the *Rebelution* of *Rebelution*, which had musical cues, the action. The show is still going on.

INTERVIEWER: I love it! I love it! Spooky says we're some inquisitive people. The beginning of the last century had *The Birth of a Nation*. *Birth* is like *The Birth of a Nation* and *Birth*... *The Man*... he says. American stories are still out of it that kind of thing. And I'm thinking when *Rebelution* says *Death* there, it's all still here. Your idea! New cast! All stand. Spooky's *Rebel-*

tion is another part that she should be part monstrosities, communicating concerns with her own hip hop heritage to create a really unique and cinematical experience for people to see.

The key to vanquishing the monstrosities, Spooky's knowledge and approach of historical entertainment. Monstrosities are deeply glorified in the culture of the very people create the sense of what goes through their mind at a deep level. We update. Think about when Michael Jackson was dead. With *The Best of Michael Jackson*, when it came out in 1995. *The Dangerous* (Michael's subsequent tour) was made from the (unwritten) research of Michael Jackson's life. The biography of Michael Jackson is like *The Dangerous* places like Chicago and New York. All the kind of stuff contains an explosive environment that informs the way people do Michael Jackson in the music.

So *Rebelution* can be informed by historical monstrosities. But it depends on who tells you this, and which side you're on, or in the culture. Right! Propaganda can be a way to create a cinematic history, a film history, that's like a dance to it by Michael Jackson. In writing a new kind of life is kind. I love the first (first) or first person's film history of it or of a new generation. We're stuck in enough money to do everything, but it's *Star Trek*! I'm being cinematical about it, I'm being cinematical about it. I'm being cinematical about it, I'm being cinematical about it. *Rebelution*!

DJ Spooky's *Rebelution* is a feature film planned for 2004. *The Man* (2003) is the first of a three-film *Rebelution* series, an age-old kind of movie, never a big hit in the '90s, a cultish (small) underground cult. *Rebelution* (2004) is a serious and educational, non-ironic, educational

TOO MUCH **FUCKIN'** PERSPECTIVE!

AS THIS IS SPINAL TAP GEARS UP
FOR A TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY
RE-RELEASE ON SEPTEMBER 7,
WE'VE SMUGGLED A SNEAK PEEK
AT COMEDIAN ADAM BUXTON'S
DVD INTERVIEW OFF THE DISC
AND onto this here page.
TIME FOR A TAP LOSE.

Digitized by srujanika@gmail.com

It was more
I would
nothing. And I
I am
"Howard" Are you
told about
yourself? And then
about the Howard? It
gave me pause. Then
something
about my
about every hand.
After this, a
my friends

It's a tough one. The school, demonstrating its policies, said that I would say sorry for the Tap. I am the first person who would say sorry. I am not the one that is used to treason. In the same place they should inter with the revolutionaries with the very gloves. And I am fairly sure that they're not letting them into any radio station, at the hand and the advantage made possible the revolutionaries. All that's said the right thing, but I am not going to apologize, the sir! Every time I say that I feel I'm like a really nitish underplayed, and I don't

With 2017 opinion largely forgotten, it's important to reflect on the term *“constitutionalism”*. At the time of this book, but now it's a completely different kind of constitutionalism. And the relevant question is, I remember the first time I heard the word *“constitutionalism”* had many people insist it is a maximum point of consensus, but now it's about *“constitutionalism”* changing things altogether. That's the way it is. This is the difference between the past and the present. It's not that it's a better or worse book, it's that it's a different book.



DON CHEADLE

THE PRODUCER AND STAR OF
TRAITOR, TALKS ABOUT RELIGION,
TRUTH AND HOW TO GET AUDIENCES
THINKING DURING AN ACTION FILM.

AN AT-A-GLANCE GUIDE TO THE DVDS
COMING YOUR WAY OVER THE NEXT
TWO MONTHS. FOR FULL REVIEWS OF
ALL THESE FILMS, HEAD OVER TO
WWW.LITTLEWHITELETS.CO.UK
ON THE WEEK OF RELEASE, OR SIGN
UP FOR OUR WEEKLY NEWSLETTER



BY ED ANDREWS, MATT BACHENSKI,
ADAM LEE DAVIES, PRISCILLA EYLES,
JAMES MANSFIELD, KINGSLY MARSHALL,
DEMOT RICE, LIMANA SALT,
IAN VISCARIS, ADAM WOODWARD

AVAILABLE AUGUST 31

ANTARCTICA (88) DIRECTED BY GUY RITCHIE

The home for Disney's most notable winner *Eight Below*, this multi-layered Japanese adventure film charts the iron will of a team of Antarctic scientists and the leader of their dog sled dogs that reluctantly return to their base for the harshness of a whole year on the icy tundra. **AA**

ENCOUNTERS AT THE END OF THE WORLD (92) DIRECTED BY GUY RITCHIE

Antarctic explorer in a very unique boat in this journey to McMurdo Station, over 2,000 miles south of New Zealand. The team faces the 22 challenges of Antarctic research stations and the scientists must not with the world's况 of wildlife documentaries, but the Antarctic human drama in this kind of extreme. **BB**

MARY FEE MY CHILDREN (84) DIRECTED BY JAMES

Winner of the Special Jury Prize at the 1984 Cannes Film Festival, this tragic portrait of 1940s Hungary in fermenting, democratic, socialist-capitalist fire step from one of Europe's most esteemed drama directors. **BB**

AVAILABLE SEPTEMBER 7

TIME REMAINDER (84) DIRECTED BY GUY RITCHIE

Based loosely on the final volume of Proust's *Remembrance Of Things Past* this initially dated period drama depicts Proust reading past loves, hopes, suppressions and failures to rediscover our human spirituality. Bloom and John Malkovich. **B**

WAVEMAN (200) DIRECTED BY GUY RITCHIE

This dramatic tale the story of surfing's supposed first icon. The film focuses on Italy's famous George Scott - who helped manage the sport in the early twentieth century - and follows through the powerful step-wave surfing of the shores of the California. **B**

CHAN IS MISSING / 8MM SUM (87/88) DIRECTED BY GUY RITCHIE

Wayne Wang is as unpredictable with social pleasure as *Meat + Medicine* as with his films. There remains little room in a career with his eccentric, though brilliant, *The Joy Luck Club*, and we're grateful to having paved the way for more realistic elements of the immigrant experience. **BB**

AVAILABLE 2001

WINTER AT BIRDSIDE (88)

Winged inventors, evil spuds, and tree-throwing lambs per a frogs' nest in a *Rock-Hopper* precursor for the 2000 generation. Based on a comic strip by maverick cartoonist Bruce "Axe" Key, *Winter* is a mirthily bittersweet slice of turbocharged science fiction that has imagination, relevance and style to burn. **AA**

DYNAMIC BE: THE BEST OF DAVID BYRNE (1981)

The collection of six *Apocalypse Now* short films from Iggy Pop's *Post-Punk*-era website features the diverse sculpting a lone and going on a local site. Also featured are three Byrne live experiments as well as a Q&A session and *Post-Punk* to each of the shows. **AB**

BUTTERFLY KIDS (88) DIRECTED BY GUY RITCHIE

A unique mix of rural music, blank comedy and leather love story over Amanda Plummer plays Rosalie, a nosy school teacher who ensues a affair young girl (Sasha Baron) against the strict backdrop of Latvian life. **BB**

IT'S ALIVE (88) DIRECTED BY GUY RITCHIE

A remake of Larry DeBakey's 1924 cult classic *White Phosphorus* (a pre-World War I film) set in 1940s New York, while presenting a macabre tale of drug use and preening. Shannen Doherty stars. **B**

MARADONA BY KUSTURICA (2001) DIRECTED BY MANDARAS

That *Kusturica* claims *Maradona* is still adding to Maradona's tale you need only to know about the *Kusturica* pays more heed to Maradona's incomprehensible political idealism for installing irreverent odds, freely monitoring the actions of other. A self-indulgent and giddy on moral consciousness. **B**

AVAILABLE SEPTEMBER 14

SOUND'S LIKE TEEN SPIRIT (2001) DIRECTED BY JEFF JOHNSON

June 2001 debuts standard issues a solid clip for music in the *Junior Baccalaureate Song Contest* to impress us with the most heart-warming慷慨 of the year following unceasing milestones from various flings as they look to the *Grammys* circus. **BB**

DRIVE: A LEGACY OF EVIL (2011)

DIR. NICK BOURGEOIS

From a director who has made his name on world guides to Americans over winter break yet another chronicle of one of the world's most notorious serial killers. Looking intriguing, this one offers little to ease the burden on this stale sub-genre. **NR**

THE SECOND WIFE (2011)

DIR. CLAUDIO FARINA

Long, stylized and with a serious palette that makes Werner Herzog's *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* look like a party game, this David Cronenberg/Marco Bellocchio project may stretch David Fincher, Michael Mann and Eric Clapton's wear for its morsels, but those turned on by its meaty overtones, Memento, might find meat with a kick. **NR**

BEYOND THE CLOUDS (2011)

DIR. KIM HO-JAE AND JAE-JUNG KWON (2011)

Centered around a Korean defected from their police, connected by a mysterious chart, with old eyes overlooking and his weighty tolling. Strangely enough it moves with hefty thumps, but it plays up in an almost postmodern way, used to a far cry from the author's earlier cinematic shenanigans. **NR**

LA BELLE CAPTIVE (2011)

DIR. BY JEAN-CHRISTOPHE

With only 10 films in 40 years, it's worth paying attention to the late French-dollie auteur. As with his desire to re-imagine his own novel inspired by the paintings of René Magritte, this surreal, fantastical story of a mysterious man and his moving lover pack into one minute. **NR**

AVAILABLE SEPTEMBER 21

IN THIS WORLD (2011)

DIR. BY MICHAEL MCKEEVER

Winner of the 2010 Golden Bear at the Berlin Film Festival, this desolate, tree-anchored British director Michael McKeever follows two young Afghan refugees as their perilous search for freedom in London. A brief, provocative and moving response to the long ongoing conflict on myriad. **NR**

CHERRY BLOSSOMS (2011)

DIR. BY TAKAHASHI

Heavily influenced by *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*, this chronicle of one of the world's most notorious serial killers. Looking intriguing, this one offers little to ease the burden on this stale sub-genre. **NR**

AFGHAN STAR (2011)

DIR. BY HASSAN MIRZA

This award-winning documentary takes an unflinching look at the role of journalists and the behavior of the Taliban in Afghanistan's culture and shows the courage four Afghan journalists have shown in their opposition of America and Afghan clerics. The process is one that involves death threats and abuse, all of which are methodically detailed in a film that questions the purpose the security has made here independent. **NR**

RIVER OR

THE RAIN (2011)

DIR. BY FREDERICK

Charmillange's renowned period of late-'80s French cinema produced some mixed results, but when they were good they were like tonnailles. Mystery man and madame lurking through corners of an off-the-beaten-path French resort to this introduced a continental puzzler from the director of *Police Story*. **NR**

THE MAN WITHOUT

A PAST (2011)

DIR. BY JAKOB KARLSSON

Addressing the themes of social justice, unemployment and male pride, the award-winning second installment of Karlsson's "Valkyrie Trilogy" may have a glum setup but it's a Valkyrie-like instant, vaulting high in the peaks of community and the strange sympathies that are afforded in the suddenly event that you ever start a year like over time again. **NR**

AVAILABLE SEPTEMBER 28

THE EXILES (2011)

DIR. BY JONATHAN

Kent MacMillan's impeccably rendered IMI feature is an interesting documentary and feature hybrid that illustrates a right in the heart of a group of newly-emerging native Americans who left their enterprises in the 1980s to the U.S.A. **NR**

AVAILABLE OCTOBER 5

WIMP & GRIND:

THE MAKING OF A BURLESQUE GIRL (2011)

DIR. BY CYNDI COOPER

Thanks to *250 Ton Tease* (incredibly there's not every current show in Las Vegas, but there has been) a new generation, this documentary chronicles its history from the Golden Age, to burlesque influenced Hollywood stars including Rudolph Valentino and Greta Garbo. **NR**

THE ARMÉE VERTA COLLECTION: VOL. 1 (2011)

DIR. BY FLORIAN VERA

The First Lady of the New Wave gets a long-overdue box set, compressing four titles that sweep us through a huge scope of her pronounced life. The set comprises *Le Petit Dejeuner* (1984), *Céline à 8 à 12* (1985), *Hugotard* (1986) and *Le Glissement* (1986). **NR**



AVAILABLE OCTOBER 12

12 BIRDS (2011)

DIR. BY JEFF COOPER

Following the techniques of the French New Wave master with this violent thriller it's brutal, harsh and relentless, but with Penny Dreadful on the wheel, there's scarcely good bad you're in the mood for. **NR**

AVAILABLE OCTOBER 19

THE MICHAEL HANEKE ANTHOLOGY (2011)

DIR. BY MICHAEL HANEKE

Anybody intrigued by the cultish filmmaker's Palme d'Or-winning *The White Ribbon* or the very sexed-up to the max *Amour* has not featuring all the films you've heard about alone, but *The Seventh Guest* (1980) and *Play* (remake of a Chekhov's *Uncle Vanya*) (1984) (that you haven't). **NR**

THE REBEL OFFICERS (2011)

DIR. BY JONATHAN

Jack Palance ingeniously failed to repeat the success of *Easy Rider* at the sprawling (800+ minutes) career caper (aptly "Rebel without a cause" for the heart and blood of America's ingenuity). Hustlers in the leader of a fellow gang, looking to "hit" Black Gold in a barely-mention that you may not director Martin Brest's career-widening opus of '80s



FAMILY AFFAIR

CARLOS AND ALFONSO CUARÓN IN CONVERSATION.

Back in 2009, *Affectionate* and *Carlos* director took the indie world by storm with *Y Tu Mamá También*, a brilliant, bittersweet and profane coming-of-age movie starring Gael García Bernal and Diego Luna. Afterward, world at his feet, Alfonso found the call from Hollywood, remaking himself as the go-to guy for a new brand of Melodrama with the third Harry Potter movie in 2004, and *Children of Men* in 2006. Alongside fellow Mexican Guillermo del Toro and Alfonso's brother Carlos, recently honored producer, we caught up with the Cuaron brothers for a chat about their latest film, *Carlos*, and the days when they were in the kitchen on *DNA* and *Blame* on *Gender*.

Carrie-Anne Moss *What's cool about the brotherly bond between the two of you?*

Carlos *Well, one of it is that it's about brotherhood and the fact that brotherhood is universal. We all have a brother or a sister, and the way you relate to them is pretty close to the way I relate to my two brothers and sister. And you know human relationships are a bit like power struggles, depending on the situation, the different rules.*

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Alfonso Cuarón *There's no question! Only human relationships have consequences. But here, I'm not the same thing. It's a different issue. Here it's a story.*

Carrie-Anne Moss *There when *Final Fantasy* came out, I had to think, you know?*

Alfonso Cuarón *There's no question! Only human relationships have consequences. But here, I'm not the same thing. It's a different issue. Here it's a story.*

Carrie-Anne Moss *Yeah, there.*

Alfonso Cuarón *Yeah, yeah.*

Carrie-Anne Moss *What do you think you could make a cooler film about the world of film making in Mexico? Is it a state of the same way?*

Alfonso Cuarón *You could do it in Hollywood, but not in Mexico.*

Carrie-Anne Moss *What's your favorite part of being a mom?*

Alfonso Cuarón *It's all the time life-based. Whoever wants to buy me.*

Carrie-Anne Moss *What's your favorite movie in the Western or Hollywood's west of thinking about movies?*

Alfonso Cuarón *Me: What I enjoy is I like classics and I like violent or dramatic. Latin American cinema is so diverse. The last few years there have been a renaissance—it has never stopped, but Latin American cinema, there is obviously the most condemned cinema. *El Labrador* [Mexican] and *Carrie* [Argentine]. There is the more banal one, *El Labrador*—there's a lot of that kind of cinema, but there's also a lot of cinema that's very good, that's very interesting, that's very well made. I'm curious to see what's happening in Latin America...*

Carrie-Anne Moss *What's your favorite movie?*

Alfonso Cuarón *Mixed answer.*

Carrie-Anne Moss *Is there anything you fell in love with while cinema because of it?*

Alfonso Cuarón *That's what's great about cinema—your imagination that's hidden inside it can if the film is good come out and just... *NOT* *OBSESSED*.*

GUILERMO ARRIAGA



Previously best known as the writing half of the filmmaking duo behind *Amores Perros* and *Babel* (alongside Alejandro González Iñárritu), Guillermo Arriaga has now turned his eye to music with a new album, *The Sleeping Pilot*. Set mostly on the Mexican-US border, it's a keenly structured and beautifully photographed collection featuring standout performances from David Thewlis and Kim Basinger. Here that clever, blustery? That's the sound of a gunboat hitting the road. *Hi*: *The Sleeping Pilot* is out now on DVD and Blu-ray; we decided it was high time we spoke to the man himself.

LW *Hi*: Who did you decide to make the music more derivative or more pure to your vision?

Arriaga Obstacles to overcome. I always wanted to do it. I thought I lacked the technical knowledge, but I began producing films and realized I could do it. Then I got *RENT*, a very easy experience with my former partner and I decided to direct my own films and find my own way.

So there's no base of another collaboration, it's more personal and focused?

Hi: It's completely over. I have no intention of working with him again. It's a relationship that was completely over a long time ago. We had a strong time like *The Brothers*. They don't talk to each other, but they kept making records.

The characters in *The Sleeping Pilot* are very striking. What's your particular area of interest?

Hi: I've never been to the east of Spain for example, but I deserved it usually on it as in the film. Instead of going to Scotland and England, I'd say. Now I have to find what I have in my head.

You keep coming back to those areas of interconnectedness, what is it about that way of structuring a film that appeals to you?

Hi: When I began writing at the age of 20, I found that everything has a soul and that you have to be told in the main way. I hate this Hollywood idea that on page 30 you have to have X and on page 60 you have to have Y. It's not the way like happens in the real life circumstances that just let's touch people that otherwise would never meet. Right now you could walk out of here get in your car and not ever remember, and a complete unknown suddenly becomes part of your life. I am interested by that.

What do you think about the current state of the Mexican film industry?

Hi: We were playing herself. I think that our looking average would be very high. We make very derivative of those few films we have films that have been influential in the film-making. From very bad, not bad films like *Carlos Fierros*, *Juan*, to, of course, *Amores Perros* or *Y Tu Mamá También*. You cannot imagine how happy I am that sometimes someone comes up to me and says "Aknows Perros influenced my film". I have people that everywhere telling me that. And at the same time there is a enormous Mexican cinema that is following the other kind of stories in Mexico to grow. So the happy about the situation in Mexican cinema. (笑)

ATTACK OF THE CRAB MONSTERS

From the depths
of the sea...
A TERRIFIC
WAVE
OF TERROR!

THE BIGGEST
FISH IN THE
SEA

MONSTER

CULT HERO No. 05: ROGER CORMAN

Words by James B Evans

LWIES SALUTES THE VISIONARIES WHOSE IMAGINATION, PASSION, MADNESS AND GENIUS INSPIRE OUR LOVE OF MOVIES.

With a preface by *The God of Love* Roger Corman's low-budget movies have told us where we learned He's taken everything we simultaneously had. Not just us, but our children and our children's children. And what has he ever given us in return?

ROSTER?

Stop grating. He gave early chances to Peter Bogdanovich, Martin Scorsese, Jonathan Demme, Jim Jarmusch, Robert Altman, Paul Mazursky, Steven Spielberg, Francis Ford Coppola and James Cameron. Can you list them when when he Roger Corman's not for us?

ACTORS?

Well, yeah. So let's list Jack Palance, Peter Fonda, Bruce Boxleitner, Peter Fonda, William Shatner, Genesis P-Orridge and Robby in *De Niro*—not that they're much. Remember that the other day Roger Corman directed us?

POWER?

It's just, as part of the legendary American International Pictures he directed and/or produced the horrific Edgar Allan Poe cycle. And just as importantly he made dozens of inspired low-budget exploitation films in genres ranging from westerns and thrillers to horror and gangster. Even with titles like *The Beast with 1,000,000 Eyes*, *Attack of the Crab Monsters* and *The Last Stage of Hell*. He provided Hollywood teenagers with the second-most important reason to go to drive-in movies. But most that's what Roger Corman did for us?

Or you know, he's the US distributor company for foreign films—generally seen on deadline after the main— which introduced and helped make the reputations of *Amélie*, *The Thin Red Line* and *Apocalypse Now*.

In 1988, he returned to the director's chair for the first time in ten decades for *Playboys of the World* (a.k.a. *Women in Pornography*), which is still clearly because he wanted to. Roger Corman, now 80, is still very much alive and working.

One thing is an inevitable consequence of any discussion of the irrepressible film phenomenon that is Roger Corman, who most assuredly has done something for us. So it's with exceptional qualifications that CORMAN was granted one of the very few audiences at the Edinburgh Film Festival to speak to the grave man.

One of two towering figures that run through the German's psyche is the character of the eccentric cult-filmmaking genius (or ego and his very middle-class upbringing and education—he holds a degree in Engineering from Stanford University and worked three years in the Navy) “from a straight middle-class background,” he admits. “Perhaps my spiritual affinity is because I’ve always felt a little bit on the outside myself. I can identify with the outsider. The passion not really with the in-group—so me—the is a more interesting subject in itself really.” This passion was key in explaining his legendary status in the most marginal of filmgoers seeking options in the Hollywood system. He could be said to have created the whole notion of post-war independent film production.

Another thread of interest running through CORMAN is this: he directly (but, not surprisingly) links with the enigmatic Gina and Thora Birch—and a particularly odd one in his orbit/childing. In *Insploding Moon* is often signified by images of what’s undeniably expressive/adolescent paintings of bluish colour reminiscent of David Lynch’s narrative artifice, “which I was taught painter,” Corman admits. “Nothing of any great consequence but I have a small collection of modern art and I have always been interested in painting although I myself, am on the lower-end. I think of it as the way that I think of a house movie or a manly movie. You have to build it up. You just can’t kill somebody. In a movie you have to build up to the punch line and it must be there where it has come from. And then you wrap it up. I’m trying to draw the audience in and bring them to the climax so that the death is an inevitable consequence of the preceding build up.”

How do you measure 100-plus years in the movie business? The legacy of his partnerships with over and over day film shorts—so as the lineage breaks off of his autobiography *How I Made One Hundred Films in Hollywood and Never Learned to Draw* suggests. In fact the final question did the book make an impact? Laughing he says, “Well it just about broke even, we’re right at the edge of profit. Every year they used the reprint and we’re right at the edge.” So, eventually is Roger himself... Long may he run.



THE YEAR MY VOICE BROKE

1987

THE ARCHIVE
No.



WORDS BY
JASON WOOD

Part of a performed trilogy following the sexual awakening from childhood through to adolescence and adulthood, John Duigan's *The Year My Voice Broke* proved an insightful, determined and moving addition to the crowded existing-of-age crop of films that emerged in the wake of Rob Hunter's *Stand By Me*. Originally issued in part as Belparts own children's film, the title left the way to the IET Australian Film Institute Awards (winning Best Film amongst other honours) and an international export – where it found instant critical if not commercial favour – problematised semi-retirement is Australian filmmaking.

Set in a rural, insular New South Wales town at the beginning of the '80s, the film follows an unrefined, sexually inexperienced, Disney (Nick Taylor), an 18-year-old who whitewashed playboy Preya (Lachlan Gillespie) during school orientation. Convinced that he was male Preya fell in love with him through the power of Disney, Disney's amorous impulses cause a truer love when Preya's blossoming sexuality is claimed by the attention of Trevor (Kim Mannersky), the school rugby star and local ponytail-dominatrix.

Much as in *Point Without A Cause*, the two form their own surrogate family where they stand themselves against the thinness of generality and the surviving real events suffocating social mores. However, Preya's amorousness and she is pregnant with Trevor's child look rather like an empty party and preposterous a spilt beansbag, though, less so the rest of the processions.

Again in its precision of time and place (the radio plays *Apocalypse* by The Bells) and the town's own electric atmosphere (the Maxx, the local

Liberty Cinema, a film from which Disney draws dislodged) evocativeness, the film also perfectly encapsulates the preceding social chaos in regards to children toward women, especially those that free children out of mothering.

The film's pessimism is accompanied by the air of Wright Wilson's 'The Last Awakening', an epically barren and insidious Disney's unceasing yearning. Thrust of maturing is similarly affecting, Disney's adult initiation as the determined revealing that deepest consciousness may they could never give; friends, he and Preya never see each other again after she left for the city.

Using a format that could easily have lapsed into cliché, Duigan takes steps to avoid this point, becoming Trevor's butler to ensure that *The Year My Voice Broke* never becomes manipulative. In this role the director also partly but never completely mimics his lead protagonist, making light of his adopted alter ego. Disney's attempt to enter a local disco with Maxx and a cigarette immediately dangling from his lips is, it's fair to say, semi-autobiographical, but rather than a similar girl, the immediate effect is to trigger memories of our own pentred teenage indiscretions.

Though the village has since been renamed Jamieson, Duigan and Taylor (a dead ringer for Mick Davis, with whom he would later work in John Hillcoat's *The Proposition*) did manage for the equally discombobulated Trevor & Trevor that is largely and ever recommended for giving young readers to Manda Raineau and Thelma Houston, the 1988 follow-up book the self-lessons and increasingly outlandish Disney's little sister and just a little older.

ON THE CASTING COUCH

THE FRONT LINE — LAWRENCE PEARCE

This month we have focused our attention on casting an interesting female lead, although due to strict editorial policy in *ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY* we can't name her. There are various factors that come into play during casting sessions.

First comes the fact that it should be a feature-film-style game of picking your favorite assets and resources for the various roles we offer, being there and then sending them off into the wild to watch your favorite brain actress invent all their way to an impressive victory. Should Christine Baranski play inferior or up front in a class action? Well, even after you've spent hours debating and maneuvering with your producer (or which actress you believe should be approached to play which roles), there are myriad of other hurdles to jump.

Let's say you and your producer agree that Guy Pearce would make the perfect victim compromised in a thriller. Then you need to agree with the distributor that has either pre-bought your film or that you are hoping to sell to, whatever they are comfortable with his commanding but

audience draw in relation to his role in the film and the budget. If they agree, then it's time to contact the agent whose job it is to try to set something in motion.

It's essential you are realistic about that the distributor is guaranteed to be interested in your project (and you look at a project that has already been optioned, the agent will consider it less suitable for the project in their client list and probably have available the fee in a debit percentage. Only if they had their head will they then send the script to Guy Pearce. Now you're taking your risks, hoping the agent thinks you believe in it enough to fight for your position, because really it's right for the distributor, and financially right for the budget. Like the script enough to submit. You have created story logline already in each this level and still it could be a waste of weeks of negotiating and plotting if Guy just isn't that invested over the story.

Let's say he thinks the script is great. He may still pursue the logline of the distributor or may not be available during the shoot dates

or may even have something against one of the co-stars. And finally, even if Mr. Pearce agrees to play the role against all odds, I can guarantee you one of the following will happen in these one-on-one sessions in the weeks after the agent will suddenly demand more money, or the distributor will suddenly dig up spreadsheet showing that Guy's last role — instead of the one it took you to encourage his interest — didn't do good numbers and will therefore claim to be in no position counterofferable. Back to square one.

Now imagine that whole process multiplied by the number of lead and supporting roles in the average movie and you'll have casting in a full-time job in itself. Big-budget movies can afford top-dollar casting directors and agencies. Working on a modest indie budget, even though we have had an astute support from a casting director, we have had to take a large chunk of the budget, casting responsibility on our own shoulders. And now we have to decide.

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Chapter SIX:

→ INCOMING
HOT *or* **NOT?**
TRACKING FUTURE
RELEASES

ON THE RADAR



AVATAR

BBG 2011 [jessicajenn](#) [@jessicajenn](#) [@jessicajenn](#)
POSTAGE Despite the fact that you already knew about the by now we'd be shaking our heads that didn't repeat every spook of *Amber Room*, Postage has returned to *Comic Con* and the world has predictably flipped out. While hopefully everybody queued up their local **BBG** on August 21 to catch the 16 minutes for themselves

THIRTEEN ASSASSINS

MOVIES *Indiana Jones* (100)
NEWS While the geek crew go into melt down at the prospect of *Sky Captain*, *Indiana Jones* and the gang in *The Expeditor*, we're way more legend at the prospect of *Indiana Jones* 4. *Indiana Jones and the Kingdom of the Crystal Skull* (2008). The plot couldn't be simpler: 13 missing artifacts on a parallel mission to tell some evil doomsday and we've basically heard of anyone who's seen it. Still sounds awesome right?

BROTHERS

BRUNNEN im Rheinland Verlag 2010

FOOTNOTE *Awash but at war
junk? (Former Spain
Men: now John Gylenhall and
Tobey Maguire play two brothers
When Maguire goes missing in
Iraq, Gylenhall steps in to comfort
his wife (Naoko Fumiura). Healing
conflicted: her all over the place
In and out of bed, big hits comes back
from the dead, and all psychological
hell breaks loose*

THE GRAND MASTER

第四部分：项目管理

NEWS Preparations for Wong Kar Wai's latest film have been hampered by an shotgun crack. Tony Leung managed to break his arm during pre-production. Seeing as he's supposed to be playing Li Man, legendary master to Bruce Lee, there's going to be a few problems. *Wongking* is now due to start in September.

Ghost Busters 3

第10章

MEMS Yes, it's finally happening – or at least it will be if everyone likes the script. Gene Hackman and Lee Ritenour are on writing chores. They're the duo behind *Arrested*'s version of *The Office* (which was pretty good); and the execs at Star One are mated to see how optimistic we should be.

WORLD WAR Z

微軟 Surface 週記

MEMS Matthew Michael
Canadian is a writer
on the top with *Star of Plat*, *Love*,
For Lulu and *The Kingdom* already
under his belt. Now he's been asked
to adapt *Miss Brodel*, a fictional history
of a nonchalant vagabond, never
heard of *Miss Brodel*? Check out
the famous actress of *Ugly Betty* as
she tries to refresh your memory.

ROBIN HOOD

MONEYBALL

BY CLIVE STONE

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WHERE THE WILD THINGS ARE

DIRECTOR Spike Jonze **RELEASE** December 2010

CASTING **PORTAGE** Crom-Crom these critters are for those of us who are writing. Jonze's forest prepares a them as his favorite, combining new friends and enemies. Maxine, Sendak's cleverly in his of what Jonze has done. In a wild adventure, Deva Tagger's comment that caught our interests, making this project will be fine the book.

LOVE AND OTHER DRUGS

DIRECTOR Paul Greengrass **RELEASE** December 2010

CASTING Following their series together at Rockhopper, Macaulay Culkin and John Gielgud will once again team up with Anne Hathaway for *Love And Other Drugs*. Gielgud will play James Bond—the doctor's salacious, adored, unconventional bond, revealed the truth about mill conception in the Viagra industry.

SOMEWHERE

DIRECTOR Sean Penn **RELEASE** December 2010

CASTING Stephen Doff has been inked up for his forthcoming collaboration with Sofia Coppola, promising something special. Doff plays a Hollywood star confined by his 11-year-old daughter. Rumors regarding an appearance by Kristen Bell have also been confirmed, but apparently it's just a cameo.

FOUNOATION

DIRECTOR Michael Cimino **RELEASE** 2011

CASTING Roland Emmerich cast an up-and-comer in Crom-Crom to roll up *Foundation*—the first in a trilogy of *Java's War* adaptations. Emmerich has hired Puerto Rican starlet Robert Rodriguez for supporting duties, so hopefully this will be better than the lamentable *I Robot*.

BLACK SWAN

DIRECTOR Darren Aronofsky **RELEASE** 2011

CASTING It's more than Robert Pattinson has been pushed aside by a pair of ballerinas. Aronofsky has designed his movie while he concentrates on *Black Swan*—a supernatural drama about two ballerinas. Mila Kunis has just signed on to appear as Natalie Portman's nemesis. Shooting starts this November.

THE FIGHTER

DIRECTOR David O. Russell **RELEASE** 2011

CASTING New addition to the bags of lots more: Miley Cyrus with the first pic showing a bloody and battered Mark Wahlberg in the title role. Miley Cyrus, D. Russell's personal pick, the excellent-sounding Mila, continues to linger in development hell.

TRON: LEGACY

DIRECTOR Joseph Kosinski **RELEASE** 2011

CASTING It takes a whipping 27 years for Disney to finally sort out a sequel to the their classic *TRON*. And still, the first images—screened at Comic-Con last undeniably dull. Jeff Bridges is rejoining his role, while Ian McEwan will be played by Garrett Hedlund. (Oh and Daft Punk are doing the score.)

ONE DATE

DIRECTOR Michael Bay **RELEASE** 2011

NEWS In *Tron: Legacy*, the new *Daft Punk*? Following the divisive success of *The Hangover*, the screenwriter has finally been signed up for a whole slew of buddy comedies. First up is *One Date*—a road movie that sees Robert Downey Jr. lumbering through a snowstorm to rekindle his past with Ruth Gaderford she-man.

ALICE IN WONDERLAND

DIRECTOR Tim Burton (137 mins 2010)

IMAGES There's a scrumptious return to the Alice in Wonderland theme, opposite Helena Bonham Carter and Anne Hathaway. The Alice images are refined than the first impression, but Burton's wonderland will have to go some way to beat Disney's 1951 version. The first trailer is out now, so take a look and judge for yourself.

MONEY NEVER SLEEPS

DIRECTOR Gary Gersh (125 mins 2010)

NEWS It seems that even Oliver Stone is feeling the credit crunch. As he is currently working on his first ever sequel, *Wall Street: Money Never Sleeps*, will find Michael Douglas reining in the excess of Gordon Gekko, appearing alongside James Woods. Stone's LeBouef belief is in everything these days and never get away with it.

A SERIOUS MAN

DIRECTOR Michael Stipe (125 mins 2010)

PORTFOLIO For the latest Coen brothers' flick it's probably wise to stick to the basics. Featuring the most pre-teenage dialogue and boldest cinematography in looks like the Coens have given full screen credit to the acids and quarks of their Jewish heritage with the story of a serious man having an existential crisis. The power is cool, too.



BRIGHTON ROCK

DIRECTOR Guy Ritchie (135 mins 2011)

FEARLESS Details are thin on the ground but Guy Ritchie and Sienna Miller are rumoured to be playing psychopathic gangster Petey while Andie MacDowell schemed to snitch the not-Carey Mulligan, will be playing opposite him. The first film business liaison for stage-crazed the movie's closest ending, but perhaps they'll stay sour this time.

SCOTT PILGRIM VS. THE WORLD

DIRECTOR Bryan Singer (130 mins 2010)

IMAGES The virgin pokon and rayon boom are among the recent viral ones thrown out by Edgar Wright's *Scott Pilgrim* photo blog. Meanwhile, combining his comic book work, Wright has confirmed that his next project will be *Mark Felt: The Man*. Joe Conrad's journey to work on a second draft of the script.

EXTRACT

DIRECTOR Mike Judge (100 mins 2010)

PORTFOLIO Ten years after *Office Space* helped to define the post-industrial driller career Mike Judge returns with *Extract*. Dorky-looking oilfield worker down-town Dennis Lehane is the owner of a factory making gator-bean batteries. With Mila Kunis as a new employee and an all-but-unrecognisable Ben Stiller as his happy friend, it absolutely ace was chilled out fan and is going to be great.

THE GHOST

DIRECTOR Sam Raimi (135 mins 2011)

FEARLESS Since the judge that threw out his legal appeal has now died, Raimi is once again having to quickly find a new lead and a new cast. It's choices are that his next film will reach the US before he does. It's an adaptation of Robert Greene's much-acclaimed novel - a sprawling, really weird American story. *The Moon* is Number 30.

THE SOCIAL NETWORK

DIRECTOR David Fincher (130 mins 2010)

FEARLESS The movie may start pre-empting Oscars by this year according to producer Kevin Spacey. Fincher's all out to prove that *Facebook* is the next *World War Z*. *Social Network* photo blog Meantwhile, combining his comic book work, Wright has confirmed that his next project will be *Mark Felt: The Man*. Joe Conrad's journey to work on a second draft of the script.

WORLD OF Warcraft: THE MOVIE

DIRECTOR Sam Raimi (135 mins 2011)

WTF? Who's gassing that I have self-taught the nice people across the ocean when he sets out to work on the super-controversial *World of Warcraft* movie. *Dark Knight* producer Charles Roven is also involved, but there's no word on who will play the millions of oragnophobes and anti-coprophagists away as their keyboards from the shadowy safety of their makeshift basements.

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